# JULY 1978 75¢

Ted Simmons says, "I'm the best catcher in baseball"

Comedian
Robert Klein covers
the All-Star Game

The soccer conspiracy against American players

Batting experts rank baseball's sweetest swingers

"This kid's gonna break the home-run record" —Henry Aaron

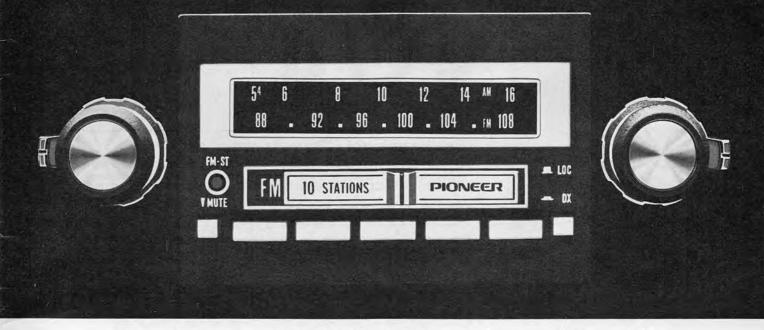






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32ND YEAR OF PUBLICATION JULY 1978 VOL. 67, NO. 1

# 14 "It's like he's got 1000 volts in that bat"

Says Red Sox manager Don Zimmer about Jim Rice, who last season led the American League in homers and slugging average, and who has set his own demanding timetable: "In three years I'll be the highest-paid man in baseball"

BY MARK RIBOWSKY

# 27 Baseball's sweetest swingers

Statistics don't reveal the precise skills of the game's great hitters, but our panel of experts does. They rate the top men in ten batting categories—from the best lead-off hitters to the best pinch-hitters—and come up with some startling surprises

RY MARTY BELL

# 36 Everybody wants to buy Bonds—for the short term

Although Bobby Bonds may be baseball's best all-round player, the outfielder hurts when he thinks about playing on four different teams in the last five years—knowing that he may be gone again next season

BY JAY STULLER

# 42 "I'm the best catcher in baseball"

Ted Simmons says matter-of-factly, after nine years of dedicated development with the Cardinals. He also continues his dedication "to develop as an individual...as someone who tries to function in this world, rather than someone who just tries to hit the slider"

BY VIN GILLIGAN

# $52\,$ Robert Klein's All-Star Game shopping bag

The comedian who grew up near Yankee Stadium reports on last year's festivities: See George Steinbrenner dance! Hear Bowie Kuhn become a human sedative! Watch our graceful writer spill beer all over himself!

BY ROBERT KLEIN

# 56 How Ricky got his bell rung

As the No. 1 pick in the college draft, Ricky Bell reported to the Tampa Bay Bucs expecting to "gain a couple thousand yards." He finished the season battered and wiser, saying, "I guess USC doesn't prepare you very well for the realities of the NFI."

BY PAUL BELLOW

# 59 "The Americanization of soccer is a joke"

The North American Soccer League needs more U.S. players, but all too often they have been subjected to agonizing frustration, says Dan Counce, the collegiate Player of the Year in 1973. Since then foreign coaches almost drove him out of the game—and out of his mind

BY BILL BRUNS

# 64 Return of the Lee Trevino Show

The laughter stopped for the Tex-Mex crowd-pleaser after he was struck by lightning in 1975 and had back surgery the next year. But he's back in top form again—hitting on-line drives and dropping one-liners

BY DAVE ANDERSON

# 70 The ex-middleweight who won Ali's title

George Benton, whose own boxing career was ended by a bullet, devised the strategy that made Leon Spinks the heavyweight champion. As his stable of Philadelphia fighters attests, Benton is perhaps boxing's best young trainer

BY PHIL BERGER

# **DEPARTMENTS**

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# Cover Photographed by Fred Kaplan

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#### "THERE IS NO REASON TO GIVE UP"

Thank you for your fine article on Mike Kekich ("I just want one good season," May). I have never had such a close feel-

ing to one of your articles or enjoyed one more.

I had the pleasure of playing baseball with Mike in Seattle last season. I found him to be a fine man and an attentive teacher of young players. He has come a long way from the "dizzy years" of his early career and is now not only a credit to the game but to people everywhere.

Mike and I were both released from the Mariners this spring and are now pitching in the minor leagues. I have no doubts about his ability and determination to become a bigleague pitcher again and I look forward to playing on the

same team with him again someday.

I leaned heavily on Mike this spring when we were released and he responded with good sense, truth and friendship. As Mike himself put it, "As long as our arms can throw a baseball the way we can, there is no reason to give up."

Bob Galasso Spokane, Wash.

### **HURRAH FOR HONDO**

Mark Goodman is to be commended for his story "A fond farewell to Hondo Havlicek" (May). I am a native Bostonian, and have seen Hondo play countless times, but never enough. I'm sure Chris Havlicek was not the only person to cry while going through a Hondo scrapbook.

Jim Marinello Hollywood, Fla.

#### FREE-AGENT FEEDBACK

Congratulations on another fantastic discussion, "Will free agents kill baseball?" (April). You picked a good variety of people to interview. The comments of Marvin Miller, Jim Bouton, Brad Corbett, Earl Weaver and sometimes Bowie Kuhn were demoralizing to baseball and those men should take another look at the situation before they speak out. Jim Piersall, Frank Lane, Ruly Carpenter and sometimes Elliott Maddox were on top of the subject. Except for letting Bowie Kuhn talk too much, it was great.

Joey Rumbo San Diego, Calif.

#### SPARKY AND THE GOOSE

While thumbing through SPORT, the illustration for the article "Sparky & the Goose" (April) captured my attention. I decided that these two men were people I should read about, and I enjoyed the article. In fact, I enjoyed the whole magazine. From now I'll be purchasing SPORT.

Donna Iles Clinton, N.Y.

## SOCCER SUPPORTER

A special thanks goes to Dave Hirshey and Steve Singer for the Cosmos article ("The bizarre, brawling Cosmos," April). This star-studded team has long been a mystery to fans. But the authors have finally revealed what makes the Cosmos tick-if not explode. Keep up the fine coverage.

Peter Guttman New York, N.Y.

Letters To SPORT 641 Lexington Ave. New York, N.Y. 10022



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## THE EXPERTS' ALL-STARS

While questioning a panel of baseball experts to find out who are the game's "sweetest swingers," (see page 27), I indulged in every fan's flight of fancy and asked most of the members to choose their ideal All-Star lineup from among every player in the major leagues.

The Twins' Gene Mauch and the Pirates' Chuck Tanner, managers who believe in pouring praise over their players' heads as if it were shampoo, refused to name a team, claiming it would be unfair to their own personnel. The Royals' Charlie Lau insisted he would go with Kansas City's current crew. But St. Louis scout Harry Walker, Reds batting instructor Ted Kluszewski, Phils batting instructor Billy DeMars and Yankee coach Yogi Berra picked their "dream

The results? Rod Carew, Joe Morgan and George Foster were the only players named to all of the All-Star squads, which were dominated by National-Leaguers. If you look closely you can see some rather surprising choices, particularly at third base on Billy DeMars' team. The lineups:

# Yogi Berra

- Joe Morgan (Reds)-2B
- Rod Carew (Twins)-1B
- Mike Schmidt (Phillies)-3B
- George Foster (Reds)-LF
- Dave Parker (Pirates)—RF Cesar Cedeno (Astros)—CF Johnny Bench (Reds)—C
- 8. Dave Concepcion (Reds)—SS

# Ted Kluszewski

- Joe Morgan (Reds)-2B
- Rod Carew (Twins)-1B
- Cesar Cedeno (Astros)-CF
- George Foster (Reds)-LF
- Dave Parker (Pirates)-RF
- Mike Schmidt (Phillies)-3B
- Johnny Bench (Reds)-C
- 8. Dave Concepcion (Reds)—SS

# **Harry Walker**

- Rod Carew (Twins)-1B
- George Brett (Royals)-3B
- Joe Morgan (Reds)-2B
- George Foster (Reds)-CF
- Ted Simmons (Cards)-Greg Luzinski (Phillies)-LF
- Dave Parker (Pirates)-RF
- 8. Garry Templeton (Cards)—SS

# **Billy DeMars**

- Joe Morgan (Reds)-2B
- 2. Rod Carew (Twins)-1B

- Cesar Cedeno (Astros)—CF
- Greg Luzinski (Phillies)-LF
- 5. George Foster (Reds)—RF
- 5. Steve Garvey (Dodgers)-3B 7. Garry Templeton (Cards)—SS
- 8. Johnny Bench (Reds)-C

-Marty Bell

#### ASK BILL LEE

Boston Red Sox pitcher Bill Lee responds to this month's question: Why doesn't baseball change its rules and go to a three-ball and three-strike count? It would speed up the game a great deal.

"Why don't they go to three balls and two strikes? Or just eliminate the pitchers and put the ball on a batting tee? Soon you could have all the managers sit down there in Florida with presto boards and they could conduct the season electronically. Then all you would do is read the linescores up north to see how the season is going while we pitchers could play shuffleboard until all the fossil fuel runs out."

Send your questions to Bill Lee in care of SPORT, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We'll print more of his answers next month.

#### DYNAMO DISASTER

Unless there was a misprint in my March 31st copy of The Hockey News, I sensed that sports history had been made. The Shawinigan Dynamos of the Quebec Junior A hockey league—one of the circuits where teenagers train for the NHL-had completed their season with three wins, four ties and 65 losses. The Dynamos had yielded almost ten goals a game while finishing 91 points behind first-place Three Rivers.

I recalled that a few NHL players had once skated for Shawinigan, including St. Louis' fine goalie Phil Myre, so I tried to investigate the Dynamos' collapse by telephone. It turned out that few people in Shawinigan-a small lumberjacks' town about 90 miles northeast of Montreal-speak English. A secretary at the team's offices could only say: "Sorree, I do not follow les Dynamos.

But the Dynamos' new general manager, Silvain Cinq-Mars, who was appointed after the season, struggled along in broken English. Previously. Cing-Mars had been G.M. at Three Rivers, but he was lured to Shawinigan with a fatter contract. I asked if the Dynamos' season record was one of the worst ever in junior hockey.

'No, it ees dee worst," he said. "The team of Shawinigan has not dee personnel. Eet is not just dee fault of dee defensemen or dee goaltender-all dee team is no good.'

According to Cinq-Mars, the Dynamos can't attract talented players because of the team's chronic losing record (46 wins, 211 losses and 31 ties in the last four years), its unattractive location in the "sticks," and lack of schools for English-speaking players. The Dynamos' own top draft choices prefer to stay in Junior B-a lesser minor-league plateau-rather than advance to Shaw-

To make things worse, Mark Picard, who began the season as the team's G.M. and the first of its four coaches, traded two Dynamo stars for five average "team players" last fall. Picard believed that only "team unity" would turn things around—but instead, four of his five new recruits left for Junior B.

One who stayed to endure a miserable year at Shawinigan was leftwinger Dino Troini, a 17-year-old Montreal native. He was sidelined most of the season with the mumps.

"I'll probably ask to be traded," Dino said. "It's not just the losing, but the dressing room is a mess. No carpet no gym, no whirlpools or nothing. We didn't even have our own sticks!

"And the city stinks! There's only one discothegue in the whole town, and it's lousy. Old songs on the jukebox, no light show, nothing. And the girls wear Kodiak construction boots that lace up over the ankle-with their jeans inside the boots. All these farmer-types, you know? And they wear these ponchos, so you can't even see how they're built."

One of the few people Dino got along with was Joe Canale, the team's third coach last season. "I'm Italian," Dino said, "and he's Italian." Since Canale was the only one of the four Dynamo coaches who speaks English, I later asked Cing-Mars how to reach him.

"I think you cannot speak to him," said Silvain. "He ees in jail."

Joe Canale—hired in November had been captured by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in January, while he was the Dynamos' coach. He is now in prison awaiting trial for trafficking narcotics. Bail was denied.

Despite the Dynamos' dismal year, Claude Baribeau, a part-owner, forsees a rosy future. "We have a hockey town over here, and in two or three years you gonna hear a lot about us," he said. "All of our players are coming back next year."

But not if they can help it.

-Len Albin

#### **FATHER KNOWS BEST**

Pete Rose Sr. and Pete Rose Jr. entered a pancake house in Tampa, Fla., for breakfast during spring training. Pete Sr., who insists he is 35 although the Cincinnati Reds' press guide lists him as nearly 37, wore a Donald Duck T-shirt. Pete Jr., eight years old, wore a small Reds uniform with his name and his father's number, 14, on the back.

Pete Rose Sr. calls himself baseball's best lead-off hitter, but says his son Pete Jr. has the game's sweetest swing.

Pete Sr. ordered fried eggs with sausage and toast for his son and himself. Then he sat back in the booth and began talking about hitting.

"You talk about good swings," he said. "If I had to show someone the perfect swing I would show him the swing of my kid sitting right there. Right, Petey?"

"Right, Dad," Pete Jr. said.

"Aren't you the leading member of the Steve Garvey fan club?" someone asked Pete Jr.

'Nah, that's my daughter." Pete Sr. interjected without giving his son a chance to answer. "Look how this kid is dressed. You know who he's for. Got that perfect swing. Right, Petey?"

"Right, Dad."

Pete Sr. was asked to name the best lead-off hitter in the majors. "It's gotta be me," he said. "I get on base the most, so it's gotta be me. Right, Petey?"

'Yeah, Dad."

When the food was brought to the table, Pete Sr. took a knife and fork, cut his son's sausages into tiny pieces, broke open the yolks of the eggs, tore up the toast into pieces and mixed it all.

Okay son," he said, then began cutting, breaking up and gouging his meal in the same manner.

Later in the day, at Al Lopez Field, where Cincinnati trains, the Reds loosened up their arms by tossing the ball around with teammates. Pete Sr. threw with Pete Jr.

"You don't happen to want your son to play baseball by any chance, do you?" Pete Sr. was asked.

"It's all up to him," Pete Sr. said.

-M.B.





## **GRADE YOURSELF 18-20 EXCELLENT** 15-17 VERY GOOD 12-14 FAIR

- 1. Which pitcher has won the most All-Star Games (3)?
- a. Bob Gibson
- b. Bob Feller
- c. Lefty Gomez
- 2. When Bobby Thomson hit the home run that won the 1951 pennant for the Giants, what was the name of the Dodger leftfielder who watched the ball sail over his head?
- a. Sandy Amoros
- b. Duke Snider
- c. Andy Pafko
- 3. The last time the National League lost an All-Star Game (1971) who was the losing pitcher?
- a. Juan Marichal
- b. Dock Ellis
- c. Ferguson Jenkins
- 4. Match the pitcher on the left with the batter whose line drive caused serious injury:
- a. Dizzy Dean
- 1. Gates Brown
- b. Carlton Willey 2. Gil McDougald
- c. Herb Score
- 3. Earl Averill
- 5. Each of these players has hit 30 homers and stolen 30 bases in one major-league season except:
- a. Tommy Harper
- b. Joe Morgan
- c. Willie Mays

- d. Bobby Bonds
- 6. Which Red Sox batter never led the American League in strikeouts in one season?
- a. Jim Rice
- b. Carlton Fisk
- c. George Scott
- 7. Name the man who ran in the Olympic Games for the U.S., wrote one of the best-selling books of all time, and ran for President.
- 8. Who was the first player for an expansion team to lead the majors in home runs?
- a. Frank Howard
- b. Harmon Killebrew
- c. George Scott
- 9. Match these baseball players with their real first names:
- a. Bake McBride
- 1. Felix
- b. Tippy Martinez 2. Derrel
- c. Butch Metzger 3. Arnold

- d. Bud Harrelson 4. Clarence
- 10. Who did not attend Notre Dame?
- a. Bill Nyrop, Montreal Canadiens
- b. Carl Yastrzemski, Boston Red Sox
- c. Carl Eller, Minnesota Vikings
- d. Austin Carr, Cleveland Cavaliers
- 11. Name the two major-league teams who began this season with three "nohit" pitchers on their rosters.
- 12. What American League team, after the New York Yankees, had won the most games ever (6,148) as the 1978 season began?
- a. Detroit
- b. Cleveland
- c. Boston
- 13. Which Brooklyn Dodger once booted a ground ball and explained he "lost it in the sun"?
- a. Billy Cox

- b. Billy Loes
- c. Eddie Stanky
- d. Gene Hermanski
- 14. Who hit the first pinch-hit home run in World Series play?
- a. Dusty Rhodes
- b. Johnny Mize
- c. Yoqi Berra
- 15. Who was the youngest man ever (19 years, 20 days) to pitch in a World Series?
- a. Nolan Ryan
- b. Ken Brett
- c. Jim Palmer
- 16. When Phillie pitcher Gene Garber won a playoff game in 1977, it was just the second Phillie postseason victory ever. What pitcher won their first?
- a. Robin Roberts
- b. Jim Konstanty
- c. Grover Cleveland Alexander
- 17. Who was the only player to lead the National League in singles, doubles and triples in the same year?
- a. Stan Musial
- b. Pete Rose
- c. Vada Pinson
- d. Roberto Clemente
- 18. Name the only major-league baseball player whose last name is spelled the same backward and forward.
- 19. Which Yankee pitcher has won the most World Series games (4)?
- a. Don Gullett
- b. Catfish Hunter
- c. Rawly Eastwick
- 20. Who was hit by the most pitches (243) in his major-league career?
- a. Minnie Minoso
- b. Jim Freehan
- c. Ron Hunt

**FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 79** 

Jim Rice



Carlton Fisk



George Scott



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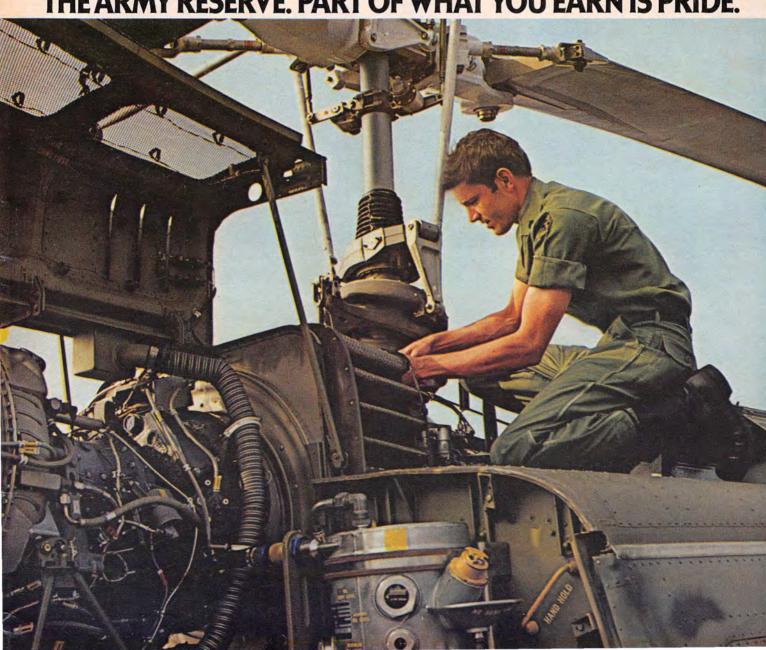
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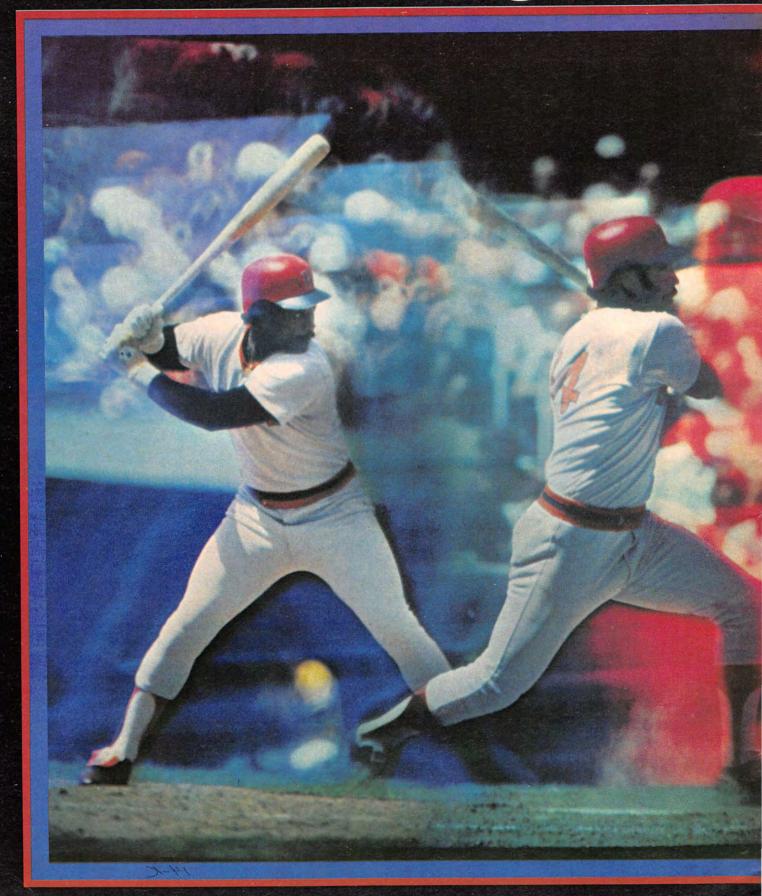
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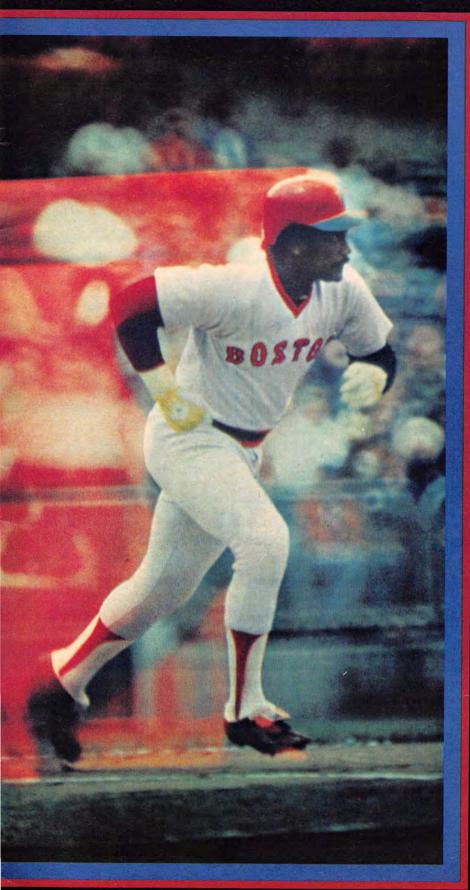
# HAT YOU EARN IS PRIDE. THE ARMY RESERVE. PART OF WI



# "It's like he's got 1000



# volts in that bat"



Says Red Sox manager Don Zimmer about Jim Rice, who last season led the American League in homers and slugging average, and who has set his own demanding timetable: "In three years I'll be the highest-paid man in baseball"

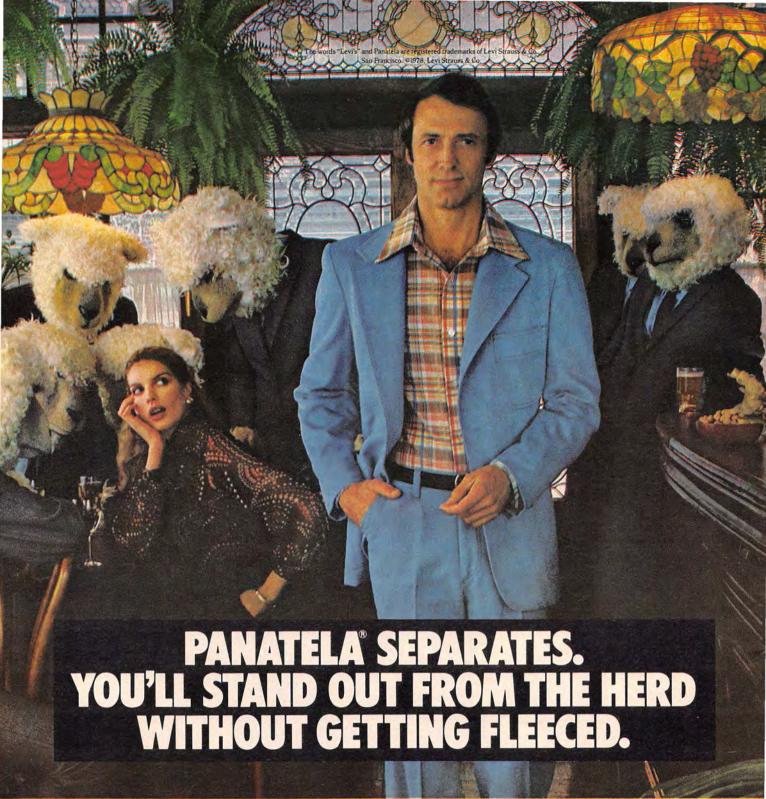
# by MARK RIBOWSKY

When I saw Jim Rice hit one about 500 feet clear out of the Milwaukee ballpark, I thought, "If this kid's around in 20 years—he's gonna have the home-run record." He just has so many things, a combination of so many abilities. He's got my wrists, Killebrew's strength, Banks' head and Mays' body. I can see him hitting 40 homers for the next 20 years.

-Henry Aaron

I sit in Jim Rice's rented Chevy as it darts across Winter Haven, Fla., and I feel defeated. Rice, the marvelous young designated hitter of the Boston Red Sox-who last year led the American League in home runs (39) and slugging average (.593) while producing more hits (206) than any other Red Sox batter in 30 years and more total bases (382) than any other American Leaguer in 39 years—is not going to talk to me. For 20 minutes I've introduced topics for conversation ... the baseball season, the team, the weather, the political situation in Afghanistan. All they've gotten me have been grunts, yawns, uhuh's, uh-uh's. I didn't expect this from Rice. Four weeks ago, I had spent a long day with him in his hometown, Anderson, S.C., and the guy had been warm, open, even brutally honest at times. And yet, he may have dropped a hint. I remember asking him about the trouble the Boston press has had getting him to talk. This was his answer:

Don Zimmer on Rice's strength: "He once hit one into the rightfield bleachers on a broken bat."



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# Rice

"I'm kind of an introvert, a private person. I have a rule: Reserve some space or people will know you too much. Especially during the season, I shy away from people making demands on me. During the season I don't feel like an individual. I'm a part of a team and I don't want to lose that perspective."

Now I realize that I should have been more prepared for the treatment I'm getting. Rice won't play golf with me—something he happily did for an hour in freezing weather back in Anderson. He won't sit with me around the pool. He won't even invite me to his 25th birthday party tomorrow. I have one last hope to get him away from the stadium. "How about dinner tonight, Jim?"

"Uh...don't think so," says Rice, a light-skinned black man whose piercing eyes can drill a hole in you, and whose surly demeanor gives him a Nixon-like look. "I don't eat but one meal a day, and I'm not gonna be having it tonight."

About an hour later, I can't believe that the guy in the rented Chevy is the same guy I'm seeing now, hamming it up on the practice field. "Hey, Pollack, looking good today," Rice throws at leftfielder Carl Yastrzemski. When pitcher Luis Tiant drags his jiggling flesh through a wind sprint, Rice peels, "Go get 'em, Greaseball, move that big ass." Third-baseman Butch Hobson makes a diving stop of a grounder. 'Ooooh, Honky's unconscious toooday!" Rice sings. After witnessing these vignettes, I have to ask some of Rice's teammates about his seemingly split personality.

Hobson, the snub-nosed ex-quarterback from Alabama, is doing stretching exercises near the leftfield line. He laughs when I tell him about Rice being uncommunicative. "Yep, I could've told you that," he says. "Out here Jim's a needler—but only out here. He ain't as, uh, open, away from the park. . . . Listen, I may be Jim's closest friend on this club and the only thing I know about him is he likes to play golf. Because this is all he'll talk about."

"Any stories about him that stick out in your mind?"

Hobson thinks. "Nope, can't think of a one. Jim's . . . quiet."

One Red Sox player overhears our conversation and pulls me aside. "You're not gonna use my name, okay?" he says. I nod. "Okay, I heard Butch say Jim was a needler. Let me tell you, sometimes he carries it too far.... I remember when [Rick] Burleson was

"I'm an introvert, a private person," says Rice. "I have a rule: Reserve some space or people will know you too much."

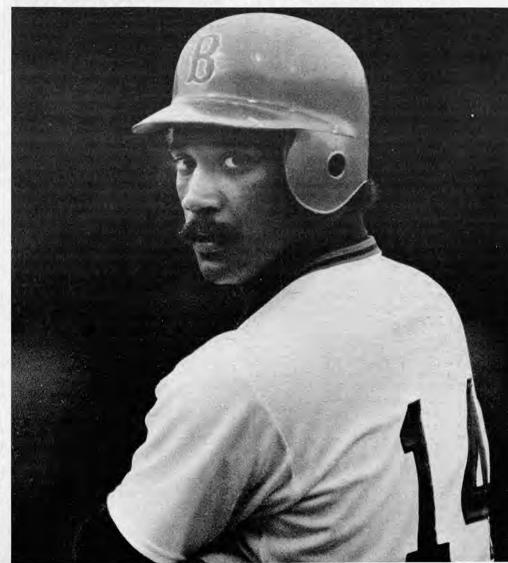
in the cage once and Jim was next in. So Jim starts yelling at Rick: 'Get out, it's my turn.' Rick goes, 'Shut up and act like a pro.' Next thing you know, Jim is charging Rick in the cage and lifting him up by the shirt before we can break it up. I know how Jim likes to hit—hell, it's his only job around here. But, I mean, you just don't do that to a teammate in front of people in the stands. I just think Jim's too tightly strung. He's so tight, so into himself, that he's arrogant sometimes."

Fred Lynn, who in 1975 formed with Rice the most dynamic rookie pair in baseball history, swings two weighted bats next to the cage. "A story about Jimmy?" the swarthy centerfielder says, his thick black eyebrows arching. "Well, we lived together in the same apartment in Boston in '75 and we'd think up ways to get the press to believe we were feuding. We'd decide which of us would tell which reporter something bad about the other. Like, Jim would say, 'Lynn snores.' I'd say, 'Rice doesn't flush the john.' Then we'd wait to see in the papers that we hated each other. . . . Conceited? Naw, he sometimes looks it but . . . his walk? Hey, he can't help it if he struts, can he? His putdown lines? Naw, we enjoy that stuff. If you understand Jim, know he's just trying to be open, he's really a fun guy to be around."

Rick Burleson has just finished a television interview. I ask the skinny shortstop about the cage incident. "There wasn't no incident," he snaps. "It was a misunderstanding, that's all. Happens all the time in baseball. We're very friendly now. He's a hell of a man. He's so confident that he leads by example. Nothing gets him down."

Rice is in the batting cage now. I watch him lash his big 37-ounce bat with terrifying fury, and I think: 'If Rice's personality mirrored his hitting, I wouldn't have to wonder about the intricacies of his delicate psyche.' There is nothing mysterious or complicated about Rice's hitting.

"Hitting is a natural thing to me, not something I developed," Rice has told me. "When I'm in a groove, I want to keep that feeling all the time. It's like I'm in a trance, like my body's telling



me to pick up a bat and hit. Sometimes I'm in this trance when I wake up in the morning. God gave me the ability to hit a ball hard, so I never mess around with theories of hitting. I don't try to understand what I'm doing. For example, I never guess on a pitch because I'm confident no pitch is gonna get by me. Also I don't try to pull because I'm so strong that I can hit pitches to rightfield harder and deeper than most lefthanded hitters. I usually just try and meet the ball, meet it hard. By doing this, I can concentrate on getting my hits and still bust enough out of the park."

Which is exactly what he did last year when he hit .320 and led the league in slugging average. Rice is, in effect, a power hitter who hits line drives. In high school he once hit a 500-foot homer that never rose more than ten feet off the ground. He's hit tape-measure shots all around the league, but two of his longest drives have gone clear out of Fenway Park, 500-footers both, in rightcenter. "I swallowed my tobacco both times," says Red Sox manager Don Zimmer.

In the cage, Rice strokes two shots over the centerfield wall, then sprays line drives to every field. The 6-foot-2, 205-pounder had told me his strength comes not from his huge arms and shoulders but from his wrists. Yet he's broken two bats at the handle on checked swings. "Unbelievably strong," marvels Zimmer as he leans on the cage watching Rice hit. "He once hit one into the rightfield bleachers on a broken bat. It's like he's got 1,000 volts in that bat. That first split-second after he hits it—I've never seen a ball go out quicker."

"He loves to hit," says Fred Lynn.
"Look at him, how peaceful he looks, like he doesn't have a care in the world."

Not when he's in the batter's box, but Jim Rice can't stay in there forever.

The night before a Red Sox workout, Rice is lying on his Holiday Inn bed. A towel is wrapped around his waist, and a gold Pisces chain hangs from his thick neck. Streisand and Redford are on the tube in *The Way We Were*, but Rice's eyes are glazed. "I've been on the golf course all day," he says in a tired, guttural voice. "Too damn cold to play much over the winter. I'm trying to catch up on it down here."

This is Rice's passion, golf. He started playing two years ago and, without a lesson, is now a 14-handicapper. Over the winter Rice played the Tucson Pro-Am with Bruce Lietzke and the twosome won. Rice has also won a few long-ball driving contests around New England. A Jack Nicklaus instruction book lies on his pillow.

Rice's lawyer and agent, a guy from Providence named Tony Pennachia, is sitting on the other side of the hotel room next to boxes of Spot-bilt sneakers that Rice has endorsed. Pennachia is an intense, black-haired man in a golf sweater and black slacks who met Rice when he was playing with the Red Sox minor-league team in Pawtucket, R.I. Pennachia came around to push himself as an agent. "He was new, fresh, aggressive, I liked the guy," Rice has said. "He didn't have a stable of guys. I wanted a guy I could call and not be put on hold."

Now Pennachia says, "I'm bored shitless in this town, it's not even 10 yet and the bars are closed. First time in 20 years I haven't had wine with dinner. And the women around here! Isn't there one under 70?" Rice looks as though he's dropping off, so I ask Pennachia if he thinks his client will get more playing time in leftfield this year. "I think so, yeah. The Sox have to realize what a superb talent Jim is. I think they also realize that Yaz is getting old and—"

# "When I'm in a hitting groove... it's like I'm in a trance"

"They do?" Rice breaks in, suddenly awake. "That's news to me."

He turns over on his stomach and I ask him if Zimmer has already promised Yastrzemski the starting leftfield job. Rice looks at the floor. "When you've played 17 years and make \$300,000, nobody has to promise you anything."

"But you think, all things being equal, that you should be playing over him?" I ask.

He pulls the pillow under his head. "It doesn't matter what I think." Another yawn. "And things aren't equal around here. Things aren't equal anywhere...."

When Rice turns his head to the wall, I say good night and leave. As I walk out, I wonder how much of this DH-leftfield thing is contributing to Rice's surliness. It has been said on the Red Sox that Rice is his own best fan. If so, playing behind a 38-year-old man—even if he is bionic—might seem like a terrible slight to Rice. He has told me, however, that he's more confused than angered by his nonfielding role.

Some brief history: In '75, his rookie season, Rice played 98 games in left, didn't make an error, threw out six runners and played the unpredictable caroms off the Fenway Green Monster

flawlessly. All that, of course, was overshadowed by what he did with his bat-.309, 22 homers, 102 RBIs. A broken hand on a pitched ball in September, may have cost him the league's Rookie of the Year award that went to Fred Lynn. But in '76 Rice started badly at the plate (he finished with .282, 25 homers, 85 RBIs and a league-high 123 strikeouts), made some glaring errors in the field and was benched by then-manager Darrell Johnson. "Okay, so maybe I was pressing, trying to pick up where I left off, but it was no cause for alarm,' Rice has said. "Then when he put me back in the lineup I was a DH, so people just figured it was because of my fielding.

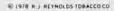
Rice came out of the minors with a reputation as a poor fielder. But during his rookie year in Boston, he has said, "I took so many fly balls I saw them coming at me in my sleep, I'd even go out after games and have someone hit me some. I knew I had to improve my fielding and I did."

Last year, when the Sox traded for first-baseman George Scott, Zimmer moved Yastrzemski back to left and Rice got leftovers. He played 44 games in the outfield, 54 less than in '76, and would have played even less if injuries to Lynn and Dwight Evans hadn't forced Zimmer to use Rice in right. With little alternative. Rice immersed himself in his hitting. He found a better stance. He stopped chasing bad balls. He had his big year-114 RBIs, 104 runs, five four-hit games, six two-homer games and a three-homer game. His 29 doubles, 15 triples and 39 homers made him the first American-Leaguer to reach the 20-10-30 mark in those categories since Mickey Mantle in '55.

And he brooded every step of the way about being "half a ballplayer."

On a cold, sun-drenched morning four weeks before Winter Haven, Jim Rice's yellow-and-burgundy Continental rolls toward Anderson, a South Carolina town of 30,000 near the Blue Ridge Mountains. Rice is wearing jeans, sneakers, a blue sweater, a short leather jacket and a plaid tam-o'-shanter. A Lou Rawls tape is on the stereo. Rice is talking freely, effortlessly, frankly. He speaks in a rapid monotone tinged with a slight drawl, and occasionally throws out a right hand to punctuate a point. There is feeling in his words.

"You know, people say I'm unlucky," he muses. "They say I had such a great rookie season but Fred [Lynn] overshadowed me. They talk about my broken hand, that I had to miss the '75 World Series. Now they talk about having to wait because Yaz is still so good at 38. But I never think like this. I'm not



# 'Why I choose to to smoke'

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"Still, I assume you wouldn't mind if you were getting that publicity now," I say.

"Sure . . . otherwise I wouldn't be sitting here talking to you. I appreciate the fact that you want to do a story on me." He grins. "You have good taste. But it was your magazine's decision to do it, not mine. That's how it will have to be with everyone else. They'll have to come to me. I will never cry about being underpublicized. Take the MVP vote last year [he came in a low fourth behind Rod Carew, Ken Singleton and Al Cowens and, worse still, received only one first-place vote from the nation's baseball writers]. I know they were wrong. Their reasoning-that I can't be an MVP if I don't play the field—is bad. They saw me play in '75 in the field. Should they hold it against me now that I'm not, or should they hold it against the manager? I would have respected them if they just would've looked at what I did. But they didn't, so the hell with it. To me, I was an MVP. That's all that counts.

I ask Rice about his relations with the Boston press. After explaining his desire to remain a private person. Rice says, "The Boston press, shit, all they do is knock you. Sometimes I have no choice but to ignore them when I read their motives. It's also just not a smart press. I just got back from the Boston writers' dinner. They gave me an award as the home-run champ. With all the things I did, all they could think up was a home-run award. Then they gave their Red Sox MVP award to Carlton Fisk. Shit, how could I be fourth in the MVP for the whole league and second on my own team? Christ, it's sad up there.'

We're on the outskirts of Anderson, a tableau of the Old South that now includes a kosher deli, a Mexi-Texi tacos dealer and a theater showing Naughty Stewardesses. Rice is almost apologetic about the changing face of his town. "People are becoming, what's the word, blasé around Anderson, It's not that tight-knit little community I grew up in. I came back this winter and the guy in the Cadillac place told me he had a great deal for me: I could drive one of his Caddies around for three months as a promotion thing and then he'd let me buy it—for \$15,000. I told him, 'Buynothing. You'll give it to me.' That ended it. I don't understand it. When George Webster [the former Michigan State defensive back from Andersonl came back after being named All-America they had a parade and gave him cars. I come back after doing things nobody's done in 30 years-and get an offer to spend \$15,000."

Rice takes me on a tour of his old westside neighborhood, a section of dilapidated one-story wooden houses and boarded-up stores. Pointing to an empty lot between two houses, he says, "This is where my old house was. They tore it down after I bought my parents and my

# "I think race has been a factor in the way I've been used"

three brothers and two sisters a place outside town on a big farm [two older brothers and an older sister have since married and moved away]. They're tearing down a lot of these houses, but my old house wasn't that bad. We weren't poor. My father worked in the recreation department and now he owns his own hardware company. Anyway, we never knew we were supposed to feel disadvantaged. I had things, I had friends. There wasn't hate between blacks and whites as much as an assumption that we had our own interests, our own turf."

Rice heads for a restricted golf club on the northside, down quiet roads and past stately mansions straight out of Tennessee Williams. Is Rice uncomfortable here? "Not at all, I got mine, they got theirs," he says. "They don't allow any other blacks but me to play at this club. It's something I don't like, but the place is close. That's the only reason I go there."

Anderson Country Club is almost deserted this morning. Rice enters the pro shop, where Dave Watkins, the club pro, is talking to a white-haired man. "How ya doin'?" Watkins greets Rice in a thick twang. "Think I'll go out and play nine," Rice says and heads for the

back room. Watkins tells the old guy the tall black man is Jim Rice and the old guy looks puzzled. "Jim Rice . . . oh, Jim Ed Rice. Oh yeah, I know him." His look says all is okay.

In the back room, Rice removes his jacket and pulls on another sweater. 'Nobody knows me as Jim down here," he tells me. "It's always been Ed or Jim Ed. They started calling me Jim in the minors." A few minutes later, Rice begins blasting 300-yard drives, but his short game is troubling him. By the eighth green, when he blows a gimme putt, there is genuine anger in his eyes. "Damn," he hisses. "Now I really need a bird." He will get it on number nine, with a little bending of the rules. His drive on the short par 3 is pulled way behind the green so he drives again, this time dropping it about two feet from the cup. When he sinks it, he crows, "Now I can face the day." He finishes two over, not bad for someone who hasn't played in two weeks.

We turn back for the clubhouse, where the maitre d', a middle-aged black man named Charles Murray, playfully challenges Rice to a game. "You keep avoiding me, man," Murray barks. "Anytime you want to put your clubs on my cart, old man," Rice kids back. Murray mentions Saturday. "Sounds good," Rice tells him. "If I'm free I'll see you."

Then he shakes hands with a courtly-looking little man of about 70, club president S.T. King. It is a weird scene... the president of a golf club fawning over a man who would be denied membership in it. When Rice introduces me to King, the old man tells me, "Jim Ed has really improved himself through baseball, that's why we all like him so much here. He can talk, think on his feet." King smiles broadly. "Jim Ed's a fine boy." An even wider grin. "We wouldn't let him in here if he wasn't."

I look at Rice. There's a paper-thin smile on his face.

"I'll take you to see John Wesley Moore now," Rice says after we head back for the westside. Moore was Rice's baseball coach at Westside High School before a belated-and quite segregated-school integration plan put Rice in all-white Hanna High as a senior. Rice leads me through the gym into the lockerroom where he opens the door to an office. Moore is behind a desk and William Roberts, Rice's basketball and football coach, is on a chair with his arms folded. Behind them are old newspaper clippings about Rice, who won ten letters at Westside, ran the 100 in 9.9 and was an All-State wide receiver.

"When they had to integrate Hanna," Moore tells me, "they made a

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# Rice

dividing line: Hanna left, Westside right. Ed's house was in our territory. When they found that out at Hanna, they got the school board to make a little detour, curving the line so that Ed's house was in the Hanna district. Presto, change-o. They wanted the best athlete in the state."

"Hell, my own sister walked five minutes to Westside," Rice says, "and I walked an hour to Hanna." He laughs. "Yeah, they wanted me at Hanna, but they gave their MVP to a white kid named Steve Whitfield. He hit .280. I hit .460. I was wanted—but not that much. I never wanted to leave John, though. I had no friends at Hanna. Soon as the bell rang I ran back to the playground at Westside. This is why I'm not necessarily in favor of busing. Putting black kids in with a lot of whites isn't good for a kid."

Moore first saw Rice in the seventh grade phys-ed class and got him out on the ballfield the next day. From then on, Rice's life was a daily routine of practices, school games, then more games in the playgrounds and sandlots. He'd play until dark, then go home and go to sleep by 10 so he could be ready for practice the next day. "My father had to push me out the door to get me on dates," Rice says.

Without Moore, Rice never would have played baseball. "I wanted to play pro basketball, but I never got tall enough. Football was okay. Everyone wanted me—Nebraska, Michigan, Tennessee, Iowa. But after I played in the Carolina Shrine game [the first black ever invited] I said, 'Who needs four years of college?' The Red Sox drafted me in '71 and sent their Carolina scout, to my house with \$45,000. That decided it for baseball.'

"Let me tell you, Ed was a kid who could do anything," Moore says.

"I remember when I put Ed against Clyde Mayes, who went on to become an All-America basketball forward at Furman," Roberts remembers. "Ed cleaned him out."

"That's 'cause I could fill up the hoop," Rice points out.

Roberts cackles. "Yeah, but you spent too much time trying to do some enforcing."

Rice looks pained. "Aw, come on. Hey, those refs were always layin' for me because of who I was. Remember that game against Berkeley? They called three fouls on me in the first minute."

"We got down 16-2," Roberts says.
"I had to get him out of there before he killed someone—like a ref. He was a

little crazy.'

"They finally got me out—but I got me some before I left," Rice says.

"Yeah, Ed did bloody a few noses that night." Roberts laughs.

"He bloodied a few pitchers' noses, too, with those homers he used to hit," Moore says. "I'll never forget the one Ed hit over the oak tree in dead center at our old field. At least 500 feet. I think he was 16 at the time. You can believe this was no ordinary kid."

"Any discipline problems?" I ask and Moore rolls his eyes. "Oh Lord, yes," he moans. "Ed once stayed away from practice for a week. Later he told me he had a fever, but I don't know to this day if he did."

"Hundred and two," Rice solemnly

"Well, anyway," Moore goes on, casting a skeptical glance at his former star, "it was at the end of the season and he didn't think he'd have to answer to me. But the next year when he came out for the team I told him to get out, I didn't want no quitters on my team. It was a dangerous thing to do because he wasn't into baseball that much anyway. But I had to make him want to play. And he did. So after four days of hearing his begging I took him back. I never had any problems after that."





Rice gets off the desk and picks up one of Moore's golf clubs. Moore is a frequent companion of Rice on the golf course-not Anderson Country Club but Saluda Valley a few miles outside the city. I tell Moore about Rice's twoover round at Anderson and Rice surprises me by saying, "Hey, let me tell you something. I laugh at those people over there. I'd much rather play with John at Saluda Valley in the rain than play at Anderson on a beautiful day. When I put up with their bullshit, I'm just laughing at them. I told Charles Murray I might play with him on Saturday. I'm not gonna. Who needs that?'

"That's what I thought," I say. "I also thought you had a paint-on smile when S.E. King gave you that stuff about being a 'fine boy."

"I did. What else can you do but smile with people like this? You have to keep your sanity."

After a half-hour drive back north, Rice turns down a narrow lane to the just-finished Rice home. The living room is done in wood paneling, and includes a number of pictures of Rice with Hank Aaron.

Rice's wife Corine is an old Westside High sweetheart ("I caught her when she slipped on the ice one day outside school and we've been together ever since") who still looks about 18. She warns me that maybe I shouldn't eat her soul food dinner—ribs, collard greens, corn bread—but I eat without pain and enjoy. After dinner, she quilts a blanket as Rice watches a *Gilligan's Island* rerun and laughs unashamedly at the lousy jokes.

On the ride back to the airport, Rice says, "I haven't had a close friend on the team since Cecil Cooper was traded [before the '77 season for George Scott]. I used to be close to Lynn when we roomed together but we've drifted apart. I associate with Tiant and Hobson but I wouldn't call them friends. Cecil was the only guy I've ever been able to talk to. His sensitivity, his temperament, I really miss him. I keep two lockers in the clubhouse, mine and the one Cecil used to have. The guys understand why I do this."

There is also his opinion of the Red Sox front office: "I think race has been a factor in the way I've been used because the front office *lets* it be a factor. Race has to be a factor when Fred Lynn can hit .240 in the minors and I can hit .340 and he gets a starting job before I do. It's not Don Zimmer who decides who plays and where. It's the people upstairs."

As the Red Sox begin their workout in Winter Haven, Jim Rice picks up his bat and plays pepper with George Scott. A little later, Rice shags flies for about 15 minutes, then walks into the batting cage. When he's finished, he doesn't take a position in the field like everyone else. He walks behind the rightfield fence to an indoor batting cage and swings for the rest of the workout against a pitching machine.

"Working on anything special?" I ask him between swings.

"Just getting my timing down."

"What's wrong with it?"

"I may be pulling off the plate too soon."

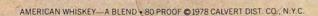
I stand there outside the little building watching Rice hack away, feeling the chicken wire quiver with each ball he drives into it, and I see some heavy symbolism in all this. It is all so perfect that Jim Rice's baseball existence is so specialized, so solitary. So much like the man himself. As he sets up imaginary game situations before each pitch, muttering to himself things like "first and third, no out" . . . "bases loaded, one out"... "hit and run," and then rates himself with a quiet "all right" or "shit," I see that Anderson golf course all over again. I see the same anger in his eyes when he doesn't make contacthard contact. Rice is doing it his way. Self-driven. Self-contained. I now know that Jim Rice won't simply settle for the greatness Hank Aaron has predicted for him. His performance will demand it.

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# Baseball's sweetest swingers

It was whiffing weather—the kind of chilly day in which driving your bat into a fastball left your hands vibrating like a tuning fork and striking out was a painless, almost welcome, alternative. But the cold could not keep Pete Rose away from his favorite exercise. At 37, the Reds' switch-hitting third baseman still approached hitting with the wide-eyed excitement of a two-year-old watching Sesame Street on TV. Rose stepped into the batting cage at Al Lopez Field in Tampa, Fla. and imagined it was August and each swing counted.

"Man on first," he shouted. "Hit and



Joe Morgan

run."

The batting-practice pitcher delivered a fastball which Rose, batting right-handed, pushed into rightfield for what would have been a base hit.

"The third baseman's cheating on me," Rose said. "Gotta slap it by him."

The pitch came at his fists, but Rose stepped back and pulled a hot ground ball down the third-base line.

"Man on third, two out," Rose said.
"Need a safety."

The pitch headed for the dirt in front of the plate. Rose reached out and sent a lazy liner over shortstop.

Ted Kluszewski, the Reds' first-base coach and batting instructor, stood behind the cage and shook his head. "He makes it look easy as eating pancakes," he said. "But it's not. I'll tell you that."

"How hard is hitting?" I asked Kluszewski.

He thought for a second. Then he said, "You ever walk into a pitch-black room full of furniture that you've never been in before and try to walk through it without bumping into anything?"

Kluszewski paused. "Well," he continued, "it's harder than that."

Ted Williams once said that hitting a thrown baseball is the hardest single feat in all of sports and I've never heard Statistics don't reveal
the precise skills of the
game's great hitters,
but our panel of experts
does. They rate the
top men in ten batting
categories—from the best
lead-off hitters to
the best pinch-hitters—
and come up with some
startling surprises

# by MARTY BELL

anyone convincingly counter the point. In less time than it takes to blink, the hitter must recognize the spin on the approaching ball, decide where the ball is going to end up and get his bat to that destination.

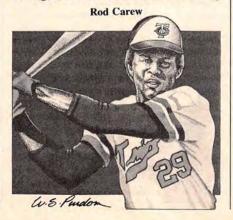
And yet, major-leaguers not only meet the ball, they accurately place it at different spaces in many different situations. The numerous statistical hitting categories and boxscores do not accurately describe the precise skills of the best hitters.

So I went to Florida this spring, wandered among the training camps and questioned a panel of men with recognized expertise about various fine points of hitting. I asked them to rate today's players in several batting categories which statistics can't readily measure.

The panel consisted of:

Rose, for whom getting 200 hits is as natural an annual chore as paying income tax.

Kluszewski, who in 15 seasons hit with power (279 career homers) and for average (.298 lifetime) before becoming

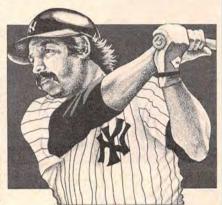


a Reds coach nine years ago.

Billy DeMars, the third-base coach and hitting instructor for the Philadelphia Phillies who, among other accomplishments, taught volatile shortstop Larry Bowa to hit the ball more often than he hit the clubhouse water cooler.

Harry (the Hat) Walker, the only man ever to win a batting title during a season in which he was traded (1947, when he batted .363 with St. Louis and Philadelphia). Walker is currently a special scout for the St. Louis Cardinals.

Chuck Tanner, manager of the Pitts-



Thurman Munson

burgh Pirates, who preaches speed and execution of the game's finer points as keys to winning.

Gene Mauch, manager of the Minnesota Twins, one of the smartest managers in the game.

Charlie Lau, hitting instructor for the Kansas City Royals, who has all his players using a similar stance and most of them achieving similarly successful

And Yogi Berra, now a Yankee coach and once the best clutch and bad-ball hitter in the game.

In each category, I asked the panelists to rate the top five players in order and then I assigned points to the chosen players (5,4,3,2,1) according to their ratings

# 1. Who is the best lead-off hitter in baseball?

Criteria: "There are four main criteria for the best lead-off hitter," said Ted Kluszewski. "He must have a high onbase percentage, be a smart baserunner, steal frequently and be a good ball-and-strike man. If a player meets three of the four criteria, he should hit lead-off. If he excels at all four, he's a superstar."

I asked Kluszewski to explain what makes a good "ball-and-strike man."



# **Swingers**

"Everyone has his own stike zone," he said. "And anything he can hit falls within it. But that's not necessarily the umpire's strike zone. The lead-off man should have the ump's strike zone. He should be someone who only swings at good pitches."

"The lead-off man can set the offensive mood for his team," Harry Walker said, "so you want him to give the pitcher the chance to discover that he is wild that day. The lead-off hitter must take some pitches and make the pitcher understand that he has to throw strikes or he's in trouble."

Discussion: "The best lead-off hitter is the guy who gets on base the most," Pete Rose said, "and that has to be me."

Actually the man who got on base the most frequently last season was Minnesota's Rod Carew (311 times, nearly 40 more than Rose). Although Carew finished high in the voting, most of the panel members said they would place him farther down in the lineup where his hitting could drive in a lot more runs.

Rose will get on base nearly 300 times a year, he is a good ball-and-strike man and he is an intelligent base-runner. "He is the best in our league at taking

the extra base," said Billy DeMars. But Rose is deficient in the fourth category, stealing bases—he had only 16 last year—while his teammate Joe Morgan, who stole 49 bases, excels in all four categories.

So while Rose and Morgan split the first-place votes, Morgan edged out Rose as the best lead-off hitter in the game. "Morgan's the best," said Gene Mauch, "and every other lead-off hitter is second."

"Morgan may not get 200 hits," said Harry Walker, "but he will walk over 100 times a year. He makes the pitcher work hard. The pitcher must deliver good pitches, but if they're too good, Morgan will hit them out. He rattles the pitcher and makes things easier for every hitter following him, which is what the ideal lead-off man should do. And once he gets on base, he draws the pitcher's attention away from the hitters by threatening to steal."

Of the first five vote-getters, only Rose and Bake McBride lead off for their current teams.

#### **Voting Results**

- 1. Joe Morgan (Reds)-26 points
- 2. Pete Rose (Reds)—25
- 3. Rod Carew (Twins)—14
  4. Bake McBride (Phillies)—9
- 5. Garry Templeton (Cardinals)—5

# 2. Who is the best hit-and-run man in baseball?

Criteria: "The hit-and-run is a lost art," said Walker, who refused to vote in this category. "It's like a third leg. With lead-off hitters stealing 50 bases, you don't need it."

Other panel members felt, in the words of Pete Rose, "The hit-and-run makes some batters more aggressive. If you tell anyone in baseball to hit this pitch, they'll hit it. If you leave them on their own, they'll let hitable pitches go by."

"The ball jumps through the infield on artificial turf," said Chuck Tanner, "so you want to coax your guys to swing and take advantage of this. Putting on the hit-and-run lets you do this."

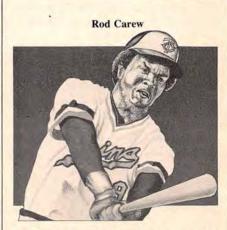
Today the hit-and-run man is not expected to hit in the hole between first and second. "The pitchers are too good to fool with today," said Billy DeMars. "Now the best hit-and-run man is simply the guy who meets the ball most often, who will hit any kind of pitch. That will be the guy with the short, compact swing."

Discussion: The top two vote-getters were the players who best fit DeMars' description—Rod Carew and Thurman Munson. "They are the two players who are probably the hardest for a pitcher to fool," said Harry Walker. "Their genius is hitting any kind of pitch well, no matter where it is. They swing with their shoulders, not their arms. They throw their bodies into the ball."

The next two vote-getters, Phil Garner and Ted Sizemore, are throwbacks to the old school—players who hit to rightfield through the hole left by the first baseman holding the runner on.

### **Voting Results**

- 1. Rod Carew (Twins)—19 points
- 2. Thurman Munson (Yankees)-17
- 3. Phil Garner (Pirates)—15
- 4. Ted Sizemore (Phillies)-14
- 5. Hal McRae (Royals)—12



3. Who is the best bunter in baseball? Criteria: "The secret of the best bun-

ters," said Chuck Tanner, "is that they wait and see where the pitch is before they commit. They don't bunt unless it's a strike that they can control and bunt well on."

"The best bunters have soft hands," said Harry Walker, "which means they hold the bat loosely so they can deaden the ball. It's easier to bunt hard than to bunt soft. It's also easier to field a hard bunt most of the time."

"The best bunters have good speed and are usually lefthanded hitters," said DeMars. "Lefties are a step closer to first."

Discussion: As soon as you mention bunting, everyone barks out the same name—Rod Carew.

"He's the best I've seen in 32 years in this game," said Chuck Tanner.

"You can know he's gonna bunt four times in a game," said Charlie Lau, "and he'll still get two hits."

"They tell me he's the best there ever was," said Pete Rose, "and I believe it. I can cheat in at third on guys like Mickey Rivers and Omar Moreno, and take the bunt away from them. They've never proven they can hit it by me. But Carew can hit it anyplace he wants, which forces you to play him honest and makes his bunting ability that much more effective."

Four of the six players who received the most votes are lefthanded hitters, and Bowa is a switch-hitter. Only Fred Patek hits from the right side of the plate.

### **Voting Results**

- 1. Rod Carew (Twins)-40 points
- 2. Larry Bowa (Phillies)—17
- 3. Vic Davalillo (Dodgers)-14
- 4. Fred Patek (Royals)—6
- 5. Mickey Rivers (Yankees) and Omar Moreno (Pirates)—5

4. You are one run behind in the bottom of the ninth. There are two outs and a runner in scoring position. You need a clutch single. Whom do you want at the plate?

Criteria: "In this situation," said Charlie Lau, "you ask yourself, 'Who does not have any holes?' Assuming the pitcher executes perfectly, you want someone up there who will hit anyway. A pitcher would prefer to see a slugger up there, a Johnny Bench or a Reggie Jackson. They swing hard and wide, take their eyes off the ball occasionally and can be fooled. You're looking for the hitter who can be fooled least often, and that's going to be someone with a short swing, whose head stays down on the ball."

The other factor involved in a clutch situation is attitude. "You want someone who has that toughness of a Jack Nicklaus," said Harry Walker. "Nicklaus knows that as long as the door's still

open, he can walk through it. Most guys aren't like that. Confidence and cockiness come with experience and in this situation you want a veteran.

Discussion: Twenty different players received votes in this category, more than in any other. The two who received the most votes, Thurman Munson and Carl Yastrzemski, appealed to the panel members because of their attitudes at the plate, in do-or-die situations in the late innings.

"Just watch Munson and Yastrzemski walk up there in a clutch situation," Walker said. "They'll take their time, step out of the box, fidget until

# **Voting Results**

- 1. Thurman Munson (Yankees)—23
- 2. Čarl Yastrzemski (Red Sox)—13
- 3. Rod Carew (Twins)-12
- 4. Rusty Staub (Tigers)-11
- 5. Greg Luzinski (Phillies)—10

they're ready. The pitcher has to wait for them. They remind the pitcher, by their actions, that they've already proven they're the best in this clutch situation. You can see it in their eyes. And so can the pitcher. He's close enough to see."

5. You are down a run in the ninth

inning. There are two outs and no one on base. You need someone to hit a home run. Whom do you want at the plate?

Criteria: "In this situation," said Charlie Lau, "most of the home runs are hit on pitchers' mistakes. So you want the player who will wait for that

mistake, the opportunist."

Discussion: Within this category, there seemed to be two groups of players—one group consisting of George Foster, Greg Luzinski and Jim Rice, the other consisting of every other power hitter. "Foster, Luzinski and Rice," said Walker, "combine the talents of sluggers and hitters. They have big swings, but they're strong and can wait on the pitch and still get around on the ball. They're sluggers who hit consistently and hit a variety of pitches, which is unusual. They'll hit .300 and also hit 40 home runs."

"Jackson and Bench are not as con-

# **Voting Results**

- 1. George Foster (Reds)—30 points
- 2. Greg Luzinski (Phillies)—24
- 3. Reggie Jackson (Yankees)—22
- 4. Jim Rice (Red Sox)—13
- 5. Johnny Bench (Reds) and Mike Schmidt (Phillies)—11



# **Swingers**

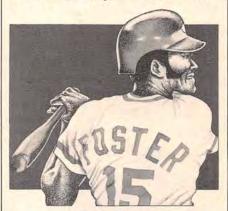
sistent as some of the others," said Kluszewski. "But experience has taught them their roles and they're the guys who will wait for their pitch. They will take advantage of any mistake."

6. Who is the most consistent hitter who goes from April to October without experiencing a slump?

Criteria: "The most consistent hitters don't overswing," said Ted Kluszewski, "and they also have an even attitude. A worrier is never consistent."

"A golf instructor would tell you to slow down your swing and keep your eye on the ball," said Charlie Lau. "It's simple, but it also applies to baseball. If you swing too hard trying for home runs, you pull your eye away from the ball and you can't hit what you don't see."

Discussion: The panel members all felt



**George Foster** 

that they had to vote for players who had been consistent over an extended period of time. With the exception of George Brett, the players who received votes had been in baseball for more than eight years. Younger players who have always hit over .300, like Cincinnati's Ken Griffey, Pittsburgh's Dave Parker and California's Lyman Bostock, were overlooked.

There was not much discussion here. The top five vote-getters, headed by Rod Carew, received 113 of the possible 120 points. The remaining seven went to Steve Garvey of the Dodgers, who received DeMars' first-place vote.

I asked Gene Mauch to give some in-

# **Voting Results**

- 1. Rod Carew (Twins)—39 points
- 2. Pete Rose (Reds)—31
- 3. George Brett (Royals)-17
- 4. Thurman Munson (Yankees)—15
- 5. Rusty Staub (Tigers)—11

sight into the consistency of Rod Carew. "Hitting is having a picture of where the ball will end up," Mauch said. "You don't follow a pitch. You pick up the spin, decide where it will end



**Rod Carew** 

up and get your bat there. Carew just has the best ability to decide where the ball is heading and get his bat there."

# 7. What player has the best eyes at the plate?

Criteria: "What you are really asking," said Ted Kluszewski, "is not who has the best eyes, but who has the smallest strike zone, the one closest to the umpire's strike zone. We're talking here about the guys who only hit strikes."

Billy DeMars argued that there were some players who went after too few strikes. "Some players' strike zones are too small. They stand up there waiting for their pitch and let other good pitches go by. It may look as if they have good eyes but they don't. Good eyes mean swinging at most of the strikes and taking most of the balls."

Yogi Berra felt that the others were overanalyzing this category. "Nothing complicated about this," he said. "If a guy hits, walks and don't strike out, I'd say he's got a pretty good eye."

Discussion: Joe Morgan, who entered the season with 1,294 walks (second only to Carl Yastrzemski among active players) and an average of fewer than 60 strikeouts a year, dominated the experts' discussions. I asked Pete Rose about Morgan's eye for the strike zone.

"Everyone just has a kind of feel for an area where they swing," Rose said. "It's like there's a box over the plate



Joe Morgan

and if the ball is in the box, you swing. The boxes are different sizes for each batter. Morgan's box just seems to correspond with the ump's strike zone. He's small, just 5-7, and the pitchers

## **Voting Results**

- 1. Joe Morgan (Reds)—29 points
- 2. Pete Rose (Reds)-16
- 3. Rod Carew (Twins)—15
- 4. Ken Singleton (Orioles)-15
- 5. Mike Hargrove (Rangers)—12

sometimes miss by a lot with him which helps him get the walks. And he also flaps that left arm up and down when he's in the batter's box to remind himself not to swing too early and commit himself."

# 8. Who is the best bad-ball hitter in baseball?



Ralph Garr

Criteria: "I hate to keep harping on this," Ted Kluszewski said, "but you're not really talking about bad-ball hitters, you're talking about players with bigger strike zones. There are no bad-ball hitters. A bad ball is a pitch you cannot hit. If you can hit it, it's good even if it's not a strike."

Discussion: Talk of bad-ball hitting immediately evoked the names of Chicago's Ralph Garr and Pittsburgh's Manny Sanguillen.

"Ralph Garr probably hits about .250 in the strike zone," said Harry Walker, "but he hits .350 above his head and in the dirt. He hits most of these pitches because he uses his wrists so much. Most hitting instructors emphasize the shoulders and tell you not to worry about the wrists. But Garr is all wrist when he's batting."

"The way to fool Manny Sanguillen," DeMars said, "is to throw him right down the middle. He'll hit anything but a perfect pitch. A lot of Pirates are like that. They have always been a free-swinging club and I think Roberto Clemente set that style. Clemente was the best bad-ball hitter of all time. But swinging often has made them all ag-

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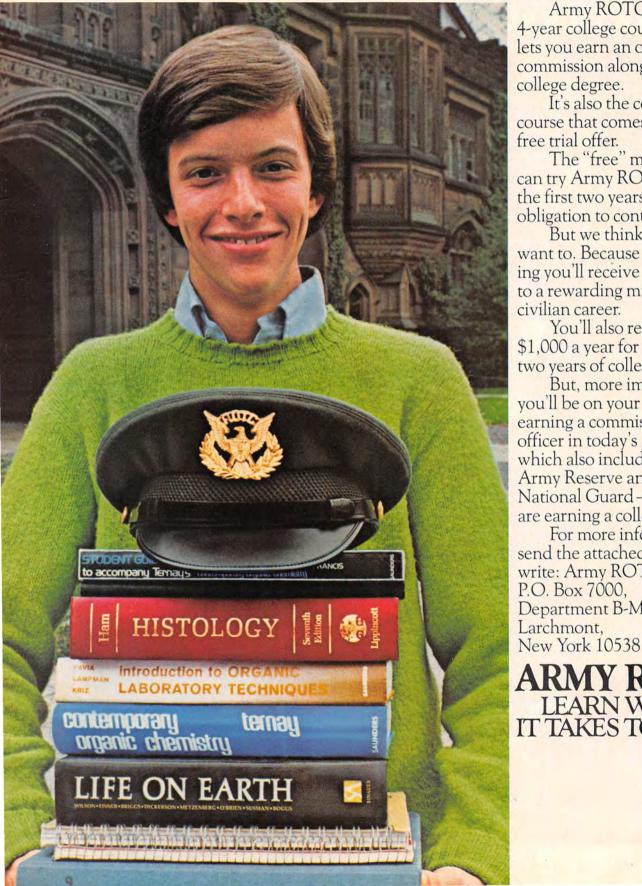
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# Swingers

gressive at the plate and they always have a ton of guys hitting for high average." Three of the top five vote-getters-Sanguillen, Stennett and Hebner—were developed by the Pirate organization.

# **Voting Results**

- 1. Ralph Garr (White Sox)-31 points
- Manny Sanguillen (Pirates)—27
- Rennie Stennett (Pirates)—21
   Mickey Rivers (Yankees)—15
- 5. Richie Hebner (Phillies)—10

## 9. Who are the most effective streak hitters, the players who get hot for a month or so and can carry their teams?

Criteria: "That usually means a slugger," said Charlie Lau. "Power hitters are usually streaky because they have those long, hard swings, but occasion-



Reggie Jackson

ally they get in a groove when they're keeping their eye on the ball and then they go crazy.

Discussion: The top two vote-getters, Reggie Jackson and Ron Cey, each had a lengthy streak last season that boosted his team to the pennant. Cey had a 17game hitting streak in April that included nine home runs and 29 RBIs and got the Dodgers off to a seven-game lead in their division. Jackson had 13 home runs and 49 RBIs batting cleanup in the Yankees' last 53 games. The Yanks won 40 of those games to beat out the Orioles and Red Sox in a tight pennant race.

'For a month or two at a time, like that," said Harry Walker, "Reggie can be the best player in the game. And that

# **Voting Results**

- 1. Reggie Jackson (Yankees)—22 points
- Ron Cey (Dodgers)—18
- 3. Cesar Cedeno (Astros)—16
- 4. Graig Nettles (Yankees)-14
- 5. Mike Schmidt (Phillies)—13

has proven to be enough to carry a few of his teams to pennants."

# 10. Who is the best pinch-hitter in baseball?

Criteria: "It's a lost art," said Harry Walker. "This game used to be full of guys whose defense got so bad that they couldn't play every day and so they became terrific pinch-hitters. Guys like Jerry Lynch [Reds] and Smokey Burgess [Pirates]. But today, guys like that are playing every day in the American League as designated hitters. So there are no great pinch-hitters.'

Pete Rose disagreed with Walker. saying, "We still get some good ones in our league. But they're all experienced players, and it takes experience to understand your role. The youngsters don't care for pinch-hitting. They all want to be every-day stars.

Discussion: Of the top five pinch-hitters in baseball, four of them have had over 14 years of major-league experience. And the oldest player, 40-yearold Manny Mota, is generally considered the best of all. "Mota is to pinchhitting," said Billy DeMars, "as Carew is to hitting. He's that much better than everyone else.

Cliff Johnson of the Yankees, the only American-Leaguer in the top five votegetters and the man with the least experience of the group (seven years), impressed the panel with his ability to come up cold and hit the long ball. "When you think of pinch-hitters you usually think of contact men," said Harry Walker. "But Johnson busted open a lot of games for the Yankees last year, and for the Astros in the past, with a pinch-hit long ball.'



Manny Mota

## **Voting Results**

- Manny Mota (Dodgers)-34 points
- 2. Cliff Johnson (Yankees)—20
- 3. Ed Kranepool (Mets)—19
- 4. Tim McCarver (Phillies)-18

5. Vic Davalillo (Dodgers)—14

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he waters of the Sacramento River Delta yielded no fish on this warm December day, a matter of little concern to Bobby Lee Bonds. Rains had begun to crack the long California drought, and the brief respite of sunshine drew him to one of his favorite fishing holes. After flipping uncountable casts with zero results, he reluctantly quit at midafternoon. The rightfielder tossed his gear in the back of his orange Dodge van and headed for his home on the San Francisco peninsula, an hour away.

Halfway there Bonds decided to stop at his brother Dave's apartment. Ten minutes later their sister Rosie stopped by and the three sat around the kitchen table chatting. Bobby, wearing Levi's and a T-shirt, leaned back in his chair, at

ease and completely relaxed.

Dave, at 35, is three years of

Dave, at 35, is three years older than Bobby. Dave looked quizzically at his younger brother and said, "You know I read a thing in the paper the other day that said you were going to play out your option with the Angels. You going to

play out your option?"

Bobby stiffened, leaned forward and then smiled. "I don't know where anyone got that idea. I didn't say that. In fact, I just talked to Gene Autry [the California Angels' chairman of the board] the other day and there should be no problem getting together. I'll be with that club ten more years. My agent talked to them too and [Angel general manager] Buzzie Bavasi said we would sit down as soon as he got back from the winter meetings in Hawaii. If we sit down on Monday, I should be signed by Friday."

Rosie got up and phoned her daughter Dana. Suddenly, Rosie looked shocked. "Bobby," she said, "Dana just told me, 'Uncle Bobby's on TV and he's been traded."

Bobby tapped his fingers on the kitchen table, softly and slowly at first, then faster and louder. He remained silent. Rosie sighed before saying, "Dana said it was on the news."

Bonds spoke. "Oh no, man. This can't be real. It's got to be a mistake." Bonds went to the television and switched it on, spinning the dial in search of a station broadcasting news and sports.

"I thought he was going to burn out the gears," Dave later recalled. "He was really getting nervous. He started phoning people all over the place. I don't think he even knew who he was calling. I do know it added up to \$30 in long-distance tolls."

Bonds riffled the phone book and called UPI. Yes, Bobby, outfielder Thad Bosley and minor-league pitcher Dick Dotson had been traded to the Chicago White Sox. Bonds slammed his fist into the wall next to the phone, his

# Everybody wants to buy Bonds-for the short term

Although Bobby Bonds may be baseball's best all-round player, the outfielder hurts when he thinks about playing on four different teams in the last five years—knowing that he may be gone again next season

by JAY STULLER

knuckles denting the plasterboard. He paced around the room, his furor growing. "I'm not wearing no damn hotpants," he blurted. "The Chicago White Sox. I'm not going to play. I'm going to retire. No way will I wear those damn hotpants."

Finally, Dave made Bobby sit on the living room couch. Though he is a muscular 6 feet 1 and 190 pounds, Bonds has a compact build and his family has always called him Little Bobby. The family is close-knit so, though restless, Little Bobby listened to his older brother. "I'm not telling you how to run your business," Dave said slowly and quietly. "I'm simply talking as your brother. But, man, it's time for you to start opening your mouth, start telling people what you're worth. You've been too quiet and too nice."

Dave Bonds usually measures his words carefully, but now his words came rapidly. "Rookies come in and get more than you. The free agents come onto your team and get paid double what you get. And you're their best player. You don't even bitch a little. It's time you start asking what you're worth, Bobby. And the security. If Chicago can't pay for it, play out the option and then get the big dollars."

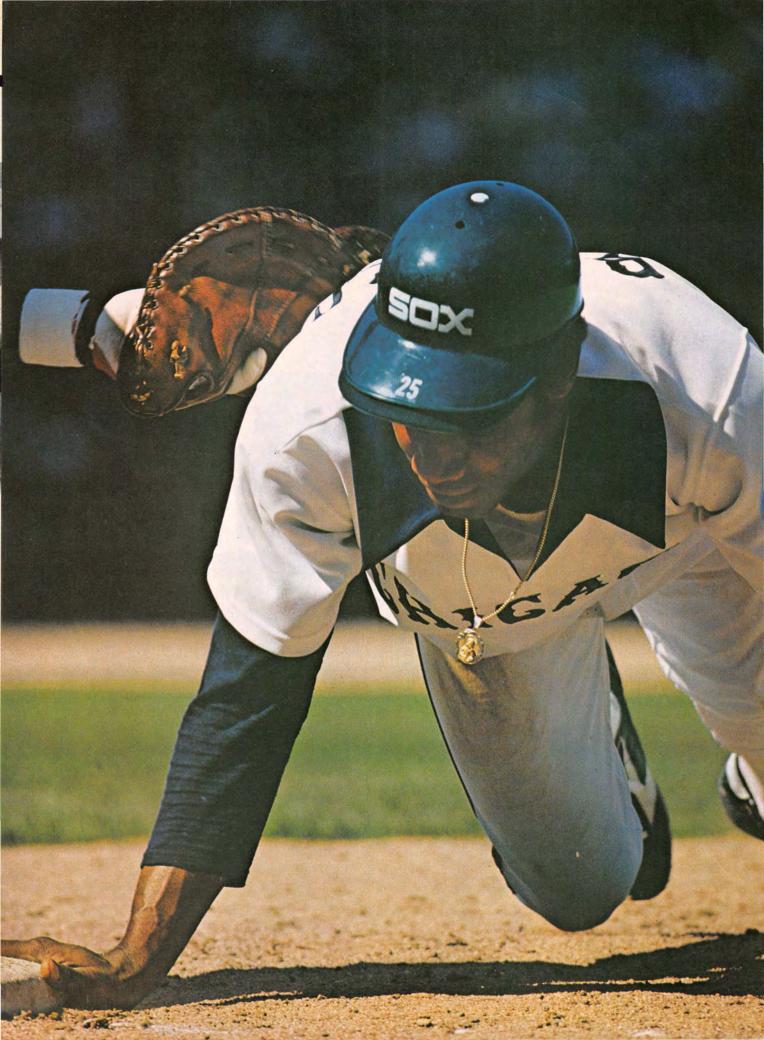
Bobby nodded. Maybe he was going along with the program without speaking out enough. Chicago would be the fourth team in five years for perhaps the best all-round player in the game. Yeah, he would have to start asking for more, but the feeling of betrayal churned in Bonds. Where had he failed? What did the management of the Angels want; or for that matter the Yankees and the Giants, who also traded him away? This is a man who in his ten-year career has averaged 100 runs scored and 150 hits a season, carries a lifetime .271 batting average, knocks in a respectable 80 runs a year, and whose rightfield play has earned three Gold Gloves. Bonds averages 26 home runs and 36 stolen bases, and is one of only five major-leaguers ever to reach 30 home runs and 30 stolen bases in one year—and the only one to do it four times. He may be the only player to threaten 40 and 40. He's nice to kids, dogs, elderly folks and gets along with his managers. So what's wrong with Bobby Bonds?

Buzzie Bavasi, who became the Angels' G.M. after Harry Dalton went to Milwaukee at the end of last season, would say in defense of the trade: "Well, we finished 28 games out of first with Bonds." Granted, Bonds hit 37 home runs—second highest in the American League—but Angel management noted that 17 came with no men on base. He did drive in 115 runs, also second in the league, but it was said he left too many men in scoring position.

The Angels finished 28 games out because leftfielder Joe Rudi missed most of the season due to a broken hand and shortstop Bobby Grich was plagued by an injured back. "Bonds wouldn't have had such a good year if those two had been playing," said manager Dave Garcia, a statement that flaunts all baseball logic. With Rudi and Grich in the lineup, opposing teams couldn't pitch around Bonds-who led his team in walks-and Bobby might have had an even better year. Yes, the Angels finished 28 games out with Bonds. Without him they'd have finished in the Pioneer League.

Bobby Bonds couldn't believe the sight. In the searing 1965 spring heat of Casa Grande, Ariz. there were close to 150 minor-league players on the field trying to stay with the San Francisco Giants' organization. "All these guys must have ability," thought Bonds, "or they wouldn't be here." Bobby had already signed for an \$8,000 bonus, this in the days before the draft. At age 19, Bonds had a wife and child, and the bonus looked like big money. He felt

Just before Bonds (here avoiding a pickoff) was traded, he was voted Most Valuable Player by his Angel teammates.





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#### Bonds

sure he would make it. Kind of sure.

Bonds was having an awful time at bat. One afternoon a minor-league manager, Max Lanier, called Bonds over. He knew Bobby had run a 9.9 100-yard dash in high school, but wanted to time him from home to first. Lanier later explained that some of the Giants' staff wanted to release him, but Lanier thought Bonds' speed redeemed him and the youngster could be taught to hit.

"I know you've been hitting poorly," sald Lanier, "but I need this clocking from home to first. Just do your best. A righthanded hitter, Bonds dug in and waited for the pitch. "Hitting poorly," he thought, the words running through his mind. The pitch came and was slapped over the fence. He would stick with the organization.

It took him four years to climb the Giants' farm system and reach the majors. He had dreamed of playing next to Willie Mays and the superstar centerfielder had taken young Bonds under his wing, "He told me to believe in myself and play with confidence," said Bonds. In June, 1968 the Giants summoned Bonds from their Phoenix farm club, where he had hit .370 in 60 games. He had reached his dream.

Candlestick Park was empty when Bonds arrived shortly before noon. The wind had not yet started its tornadolike swirls nor its marrow-chilling gusts. He knew no one in San Francisco to help celebrate his arrival in the majors, and he didn't take much time to marvel at his new playground. He had been up all night packing and preparing for the trip. He fell asleep in the trainer's room.

By 5 p.m. the players started arriving, the nucleus of the team that perennially finished second in the National League. Mays strode in, followed by All-Stars Willie McCovey, Juan Marichal, Jim Davenport, Jim Ray Hart, Gaylord Perry. Manager Herman Franks called Bonds into his office. Bonds would start in right that evening and bat seventh. That night's opponent, the Los Angeles Dodgers, assured that some 20,000 fans would attend.

Pitcher Claude Osteen got Bonds to ground out to short his first time up. The next time, Osteen welcomed the rookie with a shot in the arm. Later in the game, the Giants loaded the bases and Bonds stepped up against relief pitcher Johnny Purdin. Bonds kept telling himself to go easy and not to press or be nervous. Bonds rode Purdin's first pitch, a letter-high fastball, over the leftcenterfield fence.

'I really didn't think much about it," Bonds recalled, "until I got a room at a hotel, a night's sleep and opened the paper the next morning. Then I realized what I'd done and finally the first-game nerves hit me-a day later."

His father, Robert Bonds Sr., worked as a laborer and times were hard until he got a well-paying job as a plastering contractor when Bobby was already in junior high school. Indeed on all the Bonds' children's birth certificates, the line for father's employment reads, "Anything, anywhere and anyhow." Mrs. Bonds worked as a domestic, which left little time to supervise the children. Lord help, however, a Bonds child who stepped out of line.

Dave Bonds recalls, "When our father spoke, you listened, and he didn't repeat himself. His favorite saying was, 'I brought you here, and I'll take you out.' If we did cause any trouble and anyone in our Riverside [Calif.] neighborhood saw us, they would tell our folks."

So instead of making mischief, the Bonds children concentrated on games. The oldest, Robert Jr., now 36, was drafted by the Kansas City Chiefs on the 13th round in 1965. Rosie ran the women's hurdles in the 1964 Olympics and Dave played football and basketball in high school. But it was Little Bobby who grew into the best athlete. He longjumped over 25 feet at Riverside Polytechnic High. An All-League running back in football, he played forward and guard in basketball and, of course, starred in baseball.

Robert Bonds Sr. taught his children caution as well as playing to win. One Christmas afternoon, Robert Jr. was playing with some dice. "So you want to gamble," his father said. The three boys excitedly agreed, their pockets full of Christmas money and Dave proudly wearing a present from his father-a new watch. Father and sons stealthily crept to the back bedroom: Momma Bonds wouldn't even allow a deck of cards in the house, much less a craps game. It was not long before the boys exited, cleaned out to the lint in their

"He didn't give a penny of the money back, either," remembers Dave. "He even took the watch he gave me. The lesson was probably worth more than the watch or the money. I think it sunk in on Bobby, too. To this day he won't let anybody beat him if possible. I think that's why he would be so reluctant to retire. He loves games so much.

The one thing about the game of baseball that Bonds does not like is the trades. When sent to the New York Yankees from the Giants in exchange for outfielder Bobby Murcer, Bonds felt stinging hurt. He was fishing the Sacramento Delta on an October day in 1974 when Dave suddenly appeared with news that Bobby was to call Yankee G.M. Gabe Paul and then asked Bobby if he had any cold-weather clothes for New York.

When Bonds first heard that the Yankees had traded him to the Angels for centerfielder Mickey Rivers and pitcher Ed Figueroa after the '75 season, Bonds was heading out the door for a fishing trip on the Delta. He is getting nervous about future trips.

"The first trade bothered me," says Bonds, "but if they can trade Willie Mays and Babe Ruth, they can trade anybody. I remember when the Giants



Bonds is the only major-league player to reach the 30-homer, 30-steals in-one-season plateau in four different seasons.

traded Willie. He called me from New York to tell me first, before I'd heard it on the news. He thought it might affect me stronger than others. He said that things might work out better for him, to keep my head together and not do something crazy. But even today if I see him in a uniform other than the Giants', it just doesn't fit. He needs that San Francisco on his chest.

With New York on Bonds' chest, he hit ten homers in one two-week period and had 15 for the season when he tore cartilage in his knee on June 7. Bonds hit 17 more homers after the knee partially healed, but he was not the same.

"I played from June until the end of the season on a knee most people would 39

### Bonds

not even have *tried* to play on," says Bonds, "I did everything the Yankees asked of me. I was very upset by the Yankee trade."

The one consolation was that his new team was close to his hometown. Bobby, however, broke his right hand in the '76 exhibition season, played 99 games with only one good hand before undergoing surgery, and hit only ten home runs—a total that led the punchless Angels.

In 1977 he accounted for about onethird of the Angel offense. Bobby Bonds didn't know that figure before the Angels sent him to the White Sox in a sixplayer deal, but he's figured it out since. It only adds to his wonderment.

Bonds, his wife Pat and three sons live in an unostentatious home in the hills of the San Francisco Peninsula. Baseball mementos line the family room, including photos of Bobby with Willie Mays, and in one niche sit several trophies. "These are the only ones that mean something special to me," says Bonds, pointing to the three Gold Gloves and the MVP trophy for the 1973 All-Star Game. "The only thing missing," adds Bonds with a grin, "is the league MVP."

He leans back on a couch. The television is playing loudly. Bonds has a slight addiction to the tube—he watches

four soap operas a day.

Baseball is not a consuming topic for him; he prefers discussing fishing and gourmet cooking, and moves into baseball conversation slowly and with some reluctance. Looking out the window, Bonds points toward the tree-covered hills. "That's where I do my running. I don't even need all of spring training. It's just to get my timing down since I usually go to camp in shape.

"I honestly think we'd have won our division if Rudi and Grich hadn't been injured," he says with conviction. "I know that's a lot of games to make up, but they'd have really made that great a difference. I was looking forward to this year. I thought we'd pick up one more free agent and have a super club."

The free agent did come, former Minnesota Twin Lyman Bostock, which made one Angel outfielder expendable. "Bostock's five years younger than Bobby," Bavasi had said. "He also drove in 90 runs, so I think we can afford to lose Bobby's power. We needed catching and got Brian Downing for that and Chris Knapp to shore up our pitching. We also got Dave Frost, a minor-league pitcher. You don't get three players unless you give something up."

The Angel players had mixed feelings about Bonds' departure. Some thought the team had given up too much in Bonds and Thad Bosley, who has un-

usual speed and the potential of becoming a consistent hitter. Others said good riddance, believing that Bonds had pushed for his 40 and 40 toward the end of the year at the expense of team play.

"I liked the trade," said pitcher Frank Tanana. "We had to get more

pitching and this did it.

Bavasi feels Bonds is a good player: "Well, as good as he wants to be. He could be better in the outfield. We also heard from Harry Dalton that Bonds was going to play out his option."

Dalton's memory differs from Bavasi's. "All I told them was that I had not yet talked contract with Bonds when I left to take my job with the Brewers," explained Dalton. "I said there had been rumors among the press about this, but that's all it was—press speculation, which is natural when a player of Bobby's stature has his contract end."

"I think the Angels blew it," says Bonds as he sits upright on the couch. "Not just by trading me, but Thad Bosley. He's one of the best young players around and Chicago got a great deal in

# "If they can trade Willie Mays and Babe Ruth, they can trade anybody"

him. He won't be a power hitter, but he'll hit .330 to .340 someday."

The White Sox trade was not that popular among Los Angeles fans and writers. Bonds had just been voted the Most Valuable Angel by his teammates, beating out Nolan Ryan and Tanana. Ross Newhan of the Los Angeles *Times* felt that the Angels were afraid of losing a player of Bonds' stature to free agentry without getting anything back.

Newhan said that Bonds conducted himself very well in 1977. "He got caught in the middle of the free-agent thing. He's in the middle of a two-year contract and the Angels pay Rudi, Grich and [Don] Baylor these fabulous sums, and what does Bobby do? He doesn't say a word. No asking for renegotiation. You have to respect him for staying so low key."

Bonds receives an estimated \$175,000 a year, a goodly sum but not nearly competitive with others having his ability or track record. Palm Springs attorney Rob Wright represents Bonds, who until a year ago handled his own contracts. "The longest one I'd ever negotiated was with Dalton, and that took about ten meetings," says Bonds, who admitted he might be too easy to please. "Usually it didn't take long."

Bonds wants security along with guarantees he will not have to move again. He has, however, turned it all over to Wright, who will not make public any of his client's demands. "Things went very well when we talked with Bill Veeck," said Wright. "Veeck liked Bobby and Bobby liked Veeck. He even gave us an increase, rather than the 20 percent cut, which shows good faith. That's why negotiations are still open for Chicago."

Bonds had said he wanted a five-year contract. "But that's not a verified demand," cautioned Wright. "We aren't making any demand public and we don't want to scare anyone off from the draft

next year.'

Wright, understandably, was being lawyerly, but most observers feel Veeck doesn't have enough money to keep Bonds. When asked what he expects from Bonds, whether for the long term or in Veeck's inventive "rent-astar" system, Veeck said in his best gravelly voice, "Well, to play baseball of course. Obviously he'll help us. He's a player in great demand."

Did he plan to offer Bobby a longterm contract? "That's none of your business!" barked the Barnum of the ballfield. "That's between me, Bobby

and his agent."

Bonds himself is somewhat openminded about where he might play next. "I'd prefer a West Coast team," he says, "or maybe Boston. Even Chicago's fine if they give me what I want."

A week later, standing on the White Sox training field in Sarasota, Fla., Bonds surveys the menagerie of players Bill Veeck has gathered. There are more hopefuls, has-beens and might-bes than bona fide major-leaguers. Bonds knows many of the solid players from his previous teams. It is a reunion of sorts.

The White Sox uniform, with its white shirt untucked, feels uncomfortable to Bonds. "But I'll get used to it," he says. (The White Sox retired their

hotpants in '76.)

He reflects for a moment. "You know, everyone asks if I'm going to go out for a big year because I'll be a free agent. Well, I'm not going to play any different, because I don't think I can play any harder now than I ever have before. There's pride in each individual and pride in a ballplayer. You might want a better season because of it, but you always want a better season no matter what. Forget the contract and free-agent stuff. I'm thinking baseball from now on."

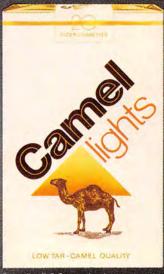
[Editor's note: On May 17, Bonds was traded again, to the Texas Rangers, not the West Coast team he would have preferred, but at least a contender.]

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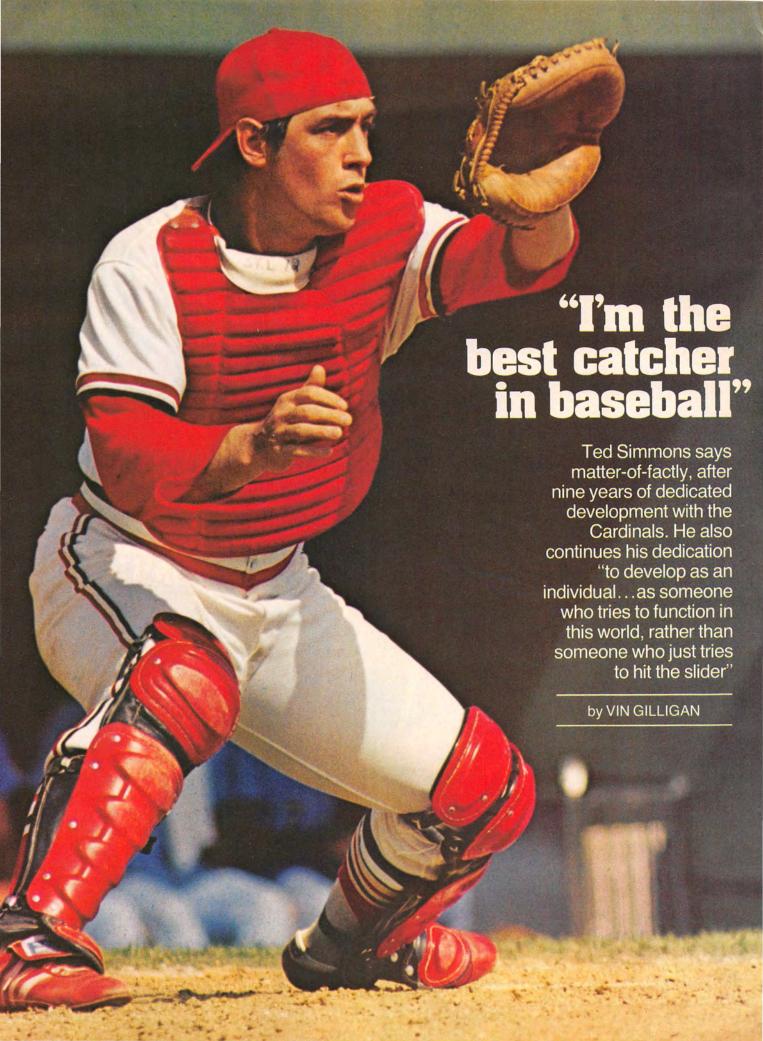
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o they call me up and say, 'Ted Simmons, we've got great news for you. We want you to be on Superstars.' It took me five minutes to realize that I didn't want any part of it.'

Ted Simmons inhales deeply on his third Marlboro of the past 30 minutes and flicks an ash off his red-lettered "St. Louis Cardinals" T-shirt. He eases back in the passenger seat of the car and resumes playing with a thread that runs across a four-inch hole in the knee of his Levi's.

"I mean, what is Superstars?" he asks, jabbing his finger into the driver's shoulder. "They ship a bunch of jocks down to Florida to flex their muscles, act great and look cool, knowing the TV public will eat it up. It's worse than a beauty pageant. It's prostitution."

For the past 20 miles, Simmons, the 28-year-old St. Louis Cardinals' catcher, has been conducting something approaching a self-interview. His face has been busy underlining his words with eyeball-rolling, forehead-wrinkling, brow-raising, squinting and smiling. The words have come in torrents that suggest they have been seeking release.

"Turn on the TV any weekend and you'll see athletes doing just about anything for bucks," Simmons says. "Putting on shaving cream in a way so as to conjure all sorts of sexual fantasies just for the purpose of remembering some product.... It makes me want to throw up. I mean, give an athlete enough money and he'll do anything. I think it's degrading."

Simmons looks at the driver and sees skepticism.

"Okay, it's not as if everyone is knocking my door down asking me to endorse things, and it's not as if I think all ads are degrading. The one [Boston catcher Carlton] Fisk does for American Express is nice...really nice. I've done a couple and turned down several."

Simmons looks through the windshield into the rainy St. Petersburg, Fla., dusk. For as far as he can see, the roadside is lit with the neon blight of easy-access, drive-in commercialism.

He shakes his head. "I remember some beautiful towns I've visited in Connecticut," he says softly, "like Litchfield and Washington. The people there won't allow this ugly commercial sprawl to spread unchecked and change the character of their town. They know what a value system based only on maximizing bucks does to a town. It can do the same thing to an individual."

Simmons slides down in the passen-

Simmons once fielded "like a damn wounded penguin" says one scout, but he worked to become a skilled catcher. ger seat and presses his knees against the dash. "It's just that I... well, I consider myself different from the average professional athlete you run across. Damn, this is hard to talk about without sounding like a complete creep and by implication running down people I like... people I play with and against. But there are things about professional athletes that I just cannot stand... the pretense, the egos, the pomposity, the greed..."

Simmons' voice trails off with a hint of embarrassment.

At the St. Louis Cardinals' spring-training complex in St. Petersburg, The-odore Lyle Simmons is relaxed this morning. Simmons, who is embarking on his ninth season as the Cardinals' catcher, sits on a bench next to Roger Freed, a heavyset, 32-year-old player who batted .398 in 83 at-bats for the 1977 Cardinals.

"You know, Roger," Simmons says, patting Freed on the belly, "if you can get more at-bats this year, you'll have a chance for baseball immortality. You might become the first guy in history to hit his weight and lead the league in batting."

Freed responds with a good-natured shove that almost knocks Simmons off the bench.

"Captain! Captain!" Simmons yells in feigned terror to Ken Reitz, who was team captain under ex-manager Vern Rapp. "Exert your leadership and save me from this bruiser."

Reitz and Freed then overturn the bench, which sends a laughing Simmons sprawling on the ground.

The easy rapport Simmons enjoys with his teammates is in marked contrast to his early days with the Cardinals. In 1970, when Simmons was brought up from Triple-A Tulsa and played 82 games with St. Louis, he was a young man out of place. It was the year of the bombing of Cambodia, the Kent State murders and Richard Nixon's taunting of a generation. Simmons, then 20, had been shaped politically and socially by two years on the turbulent University of Michigan campus. He wore his hair long in what eventually would become a shoulder-blade length ponytail. It was his silent statement of position. The veterans called him a communist from the back of the team bus and a long-haired faggot behind his back.

Now, as Simmons steps into the batting cage, he is a veteran on this young Cardinal team, second only to Lou Brock in seniority. A switch-hitter since age 13, Simmons is batting from the left side. His swing begins almost unnoticed with a slight movement of his hips before the ball is pitched. The swing appears effortless and is dramatic only in its result. The ball explodes off Simmons' bat, rifling low through the air, bouncing once before hitting the fence 380 feet away.

Throughout his turn in the cage, line drives screech off Simmons' bat. Consistency has marked his major-league career. Simmons has batted over .300 in five of his seven full seasons, during which he has averaged 172 hits, 33 doubles, 14 home runs and 91 RBIs.

In 1975 he batted .332 and set the National League record for hits by a catcher with 188. His 21 home runs last year set a club record for catchers. It was also his fourth consecutive season with less than 40 strikeouts.

A former Cardinal player, now a scout, watches from behind a backstop as Simmons catches an intrasquad game. "Never tell Teddy I said this," he says, "but he used to look like a damn wounded penguin behind the plate. He had good tools, but he was lazy. Didn't give a damn about learning to catch, only wanted to hit. But oh-Lordy he's improved, worked like hell. Now, why didn't he do that before? He's going to have trouble shaking that 'bad-D' tag. But Joe Morgan did it. Remember how bad defensively Joe used to be on his early teams?"

The scout smiles as Simmons makes a backhand stab to come up with a curveball in the dirt, then snaps a throw to first that nearly picks off the runner.

"But Teddy could always hit," the scout continues. "There's no telling what he'd do in a lineup like Cincy, Philly, Boston or the Yanks. The Cards here are pretty tame with the bats, so the other teams just pitch around Teddy. He led the league in intentional walks...19 two years ago, 25 last year. Now, 25 is only one shy of the damn league record!"

After the workout, Simmons gathers his equipment, and greets an old friend who is confined to an electric wheelchair. The two head toward the clubhouse chatting between the inevitable interruptions.

"Ted! Ted! An autograph please?" a rotund girl asks as she thrusts a pink autograph book into Simmons' hand. He smiles and asks where she's from. She does not answer and instead stares transfixed into his face. She drops the book as it is handed back to her.

Fame is an aspect of athletics Simmons admits to enjoying and appears to enjoy more than he admits. But Simmons' fame is relative. He is not known on the massive scale of such other star catchers as Johnny Bench, Thurman Munson and Carlton Fisk, a fact Simmons understands and accepts. Yet he invites comparison with them, as a comparison with Munson reveals. Though Simmons has 79 fewer lifetime at-bats, he leads Munson in hits, 1,279-1,265, in

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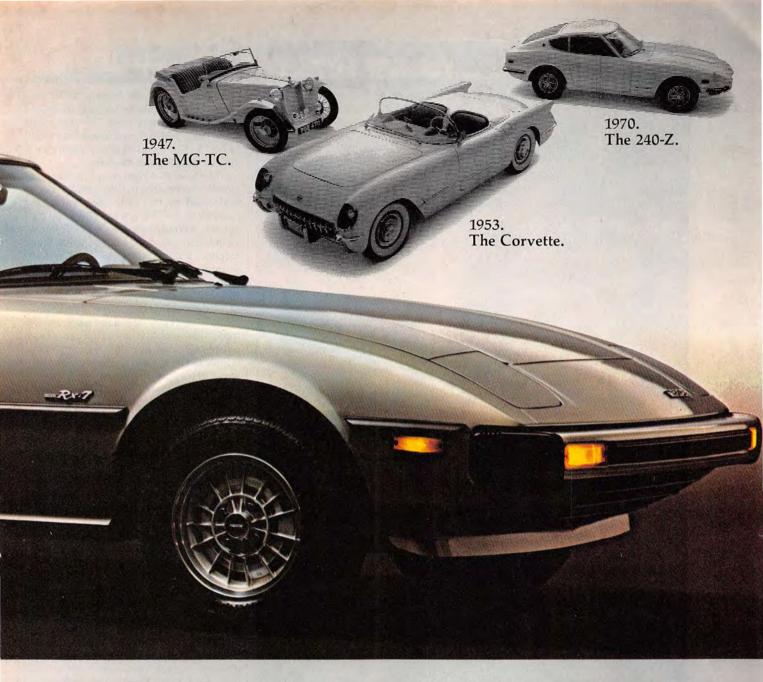
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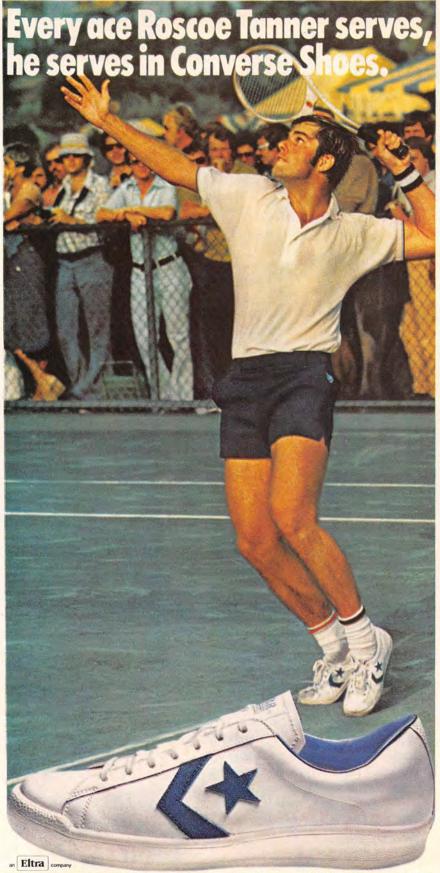
\*POE price for S-Model: \$6,395. For GS-Model shown: \$6,995. (Slightly higher in California.) Taxes, license, freight and optional equipment are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown above \$250 extra.)
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## THE SHOES OF THE STARS

doubles, 237-184, in triples, 30-28, in RBIs, 664-591, and in batting average, .300-.291. Munson leads Simmons in home runs, 104-103, and in runs scored, 581-513. Simmons is more than two years younger than Munson.

"I believe that right now I'm the best catcher in baseball," Simmons says matter-of-factly. In the National League in 1977 anyway, the experts agreed. Although the fans voted Johnny Bench the National League's All-Star catcher, Simmons was selected as the number one backstop in postseason polls by the AP, UPI and The Sporting

"Could you sign this, Mr. Simmons?" a lanky teenager asks. Simmons signs quickly, notices a cluster of people headed his way, turns to his friend in the electric wheelchair and says, "Hey, put that thing in overdrive and let's get out of here.

Simmons unwinds slowly after the workout. A towel around his waist, he sits on a lockerroom stool, sipping a Pepsi and talking about growing up in Michigan, a successful athlete in a sports-crazed country.

"It's a strange trip. Totally screws up your head," he says. "I knew what was happening to me by around 14, 15 years old. By that time I was already working out with the Tigers and hitting balls into the upper deck at Tiger Stadium."

Simmons pushes wet hair away from his eyes and does contortions trying to reach an itch on his back. His untanned body has little muscle definition, though his upper arms and thighs are massive.

"Picture this," he says, having satisfied the itch. "You're 17 and at highschool graduation. You go up, get your diploma, march out-and before you can reach your family and girlfriend, you are accosted by four scouts. About that time you begin to get the gist."

Baseball scouts were not the only ones interested in Ted Simmons. An All-State fullback at Southfield, Michigan High School, he was offered football scholarships to Ohio State, Michigan, Michigan State, Purdue and Colorado. He was also an All-County guard in basketball.

"The pressure my senior year was intense," he says, rolling his eyes. "Everyone around me was always speculating about my prospects and options as if I were a hot stock. They were all whispering in my ear and trying to pull me this way and that. I handled it the only logical way . . . I schized out! I got a motorcycle and became a madman, staying out every night partying. My mother worked in a tool-and-die shop and was more or less the family breadwinner at that point. At 7:30 in the morning we used to intersect. She'd be

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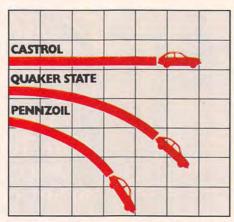
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So while there are lots of oils to choose from, only one should be standard

equipment on smaller cars. Castrol—the oil that doesn't break down.

After all, if your motor oil breaks down, who knows what could break down next?





#### Simmons

going to work and I'd just be getting in for the night. Then I'd grab some breakfast and go to school. Now that was not exactly my normal pattern. Basically, the pressure had caused me to run amuck. But, by that summer I had got my head straight and was earning my own living playing ball."

Simmons reaches down and plucks a Chunky candy bar from his locker. "My weakness," he says, popping it into his mouth. His face set in a mock critical expression, he rolls the Chunky around with his tongue as if sampling a vintage wine. "Excellent!" he declares. "But better frozen."

Then he grows subdued, saying, "Since I'm talking about growing up, I should tell you something about my father," a racetrack employee and gambler who died six years ago. "He never put any pressure on me. He was a big sports fan, but was not one of those pushy fathers who screw up their kids by setting such high expectations. He just told me to enjoy sports, do what makes me happy and he'd be behind me no matter what happened. I'll always be grateful for that."

After signing a \$50,000 bonus contract with the Cardinals in 1967, Simmons played a summer of minor-league ball, then enrolled at the University of Michigan. In that academic year of 1967-68, the atmosphere on college campuses was electric. Indignation over the Viet Nam War had triggered a reexamination of American society.

"My first reaction was, 'Hey, don't bother me with that stuff. I just want to play ball.' But quickly I looked around and realized what was going on. All of a sudden a new world opened up to me. It was then I started to develop as an individual . . . as a human being . . . as someone who tried to function in this world rather than someone who just tried to hit the slider."

In the living room of Simmons' Gulffront condominium, two schnauzers are yelping as they are chased by a laughing seven-year-old Jon Simmons. His brother, two-year-old Matthew, stands motionless, holding a water cup upside down and patiently watching an ice cube melt into the rug. Their father is in the kitchen, leaning back precariously in a swivel chair and saying into the telephone: "Unless you're a monster like Luzinski you're better off swinging down slightly. That will create backspin, allowing line drives to rise over the infield. Swing up and line drives sink."

Simmons words are booming across

The switch-hitting Simmons has batted over .300 five times and holds the N.L. season record of 188 hits by a catcher.

43 states on 50,000-watt KMOX, St. Louis.

"You're right, contact is the key," he says. "So the most successful hitter will be the one who most quickly sees the ball off the pitcher's hand, determines the spin and reacts, swinging where the ball is GOING to be."

Via a conference line, Simmons is in the final moments of a weekly call-in radio show he co-hosts with his close friend Ken Reitz.

"Yeah, everyone thinks they know the strike zone," he says to a caller, "but almost no one knows it sideways, the way a batter sees it. It's a whole different perspective and I've only seen a few guys, like Rusty Staub and Ron Fairly, who really know it."

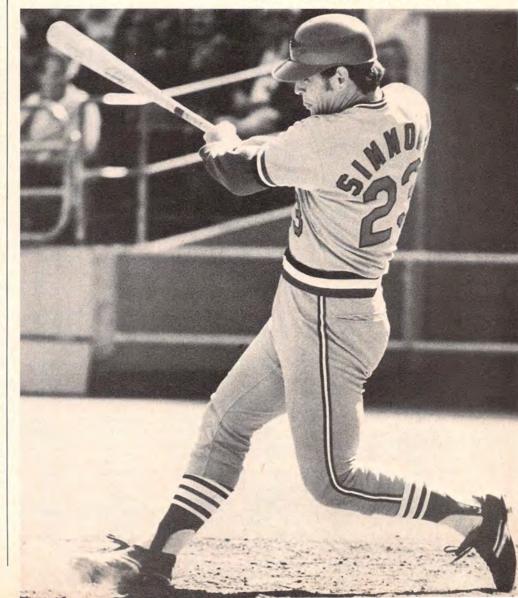
Simmons smiles broadly as he walks into the living room. "That show is fun," he says. "It's a real trip to get to where people will listen to you and really care about what you have to say. It's one of the fringe benefits of baseball."

He takes an ice cube from a cup on the coffee table, puts it into his mouth and his smile disappears. "This isn't one from the floor is it?" he asks. "It is? Oh well, it won't kill me."

Simmons' wife Maryanne comes in carrying a bag of groceries and smiling. She has light-brown hair and small, striking features and exudes an air of casual, unobtrusive elegance. She impresses one as a woman who would be equally at home at a small-town P.T.A. meeting or a Manhattan gallery opening. She is a University of Michigan graduate in fine arts. Art and antiques continue to be her passion, one now shared by her husband, who was recently named a trustee of the St. Louis Art Museum.

Maryanne underhands Simmons a pack of Marlboros and takes the groceries into the kitchen.

"For the most part, any cultural background I have comes from Maryanne," Simmons says. "We're mostly interested in antiques and the decora-



### Simmons

tive arts—mid-18th-century Queen Ann period as opposed to 19th-century Empire things.

Simmons clearly enjoys his expertise. but the subject of antiques has brought an element of pretense to his voice.

"Well, since you ask, I've got to admit that I am a snob when it comes to antiques," he says, smiling. "But antiques are a high! I mean you see some beautiful piece of furniture 250 years old and you feel like you shouldn't even touch it. It's like an aura . . . it can be seen but it's as though it's not really there at all. It's like the feeling you get when you hit a ball 450 feet for a homer and you didn't even feel it . . . just a

'You guys want sandwiches?" Maryanne asks from the kitchen.

'Sure," Simmons says, his eyes focusing on the TV as a sportcaster gives a wrap-up of the just-completed Florida State basketball game. "Catch this guy's act, he's a riot," Simmons says, laughing. "Trouble is he's trying to be serious.

Simmons, who majored in speech and radio-television during his two years in college, thinks for a moment about a possible future in sportscasting. "That's one of those things in life I'd have trouble justifying," he says. "Look, there are only so many slots in the field and there are zillions of guys working their butts off in colleges preparing to fill them. And what happens? All these ex-jocks come along and scoop up the best jobs. Who knows, in ten-15 years I may be filling one of those slots myself. I think I'd be good, but I'd feel guilty.

It is the third time in an hour that Simmons has mentioned feeling guilt. It is not guilt in the religious sense, but a feeling stemming from an ongoing awareness of the fortunate circumstances of his life. A life in which so much has come so easily, the result of a random gift of a highly negotiable talent. His salary is now some \$225,000 per year, and when he becomes a free agent after the '79 season, the figure will rise considerably.

Maryanne sets a plate of baloney sandwiches on the coffee table. 'You're about to find out the awful truth," she says, smiling. "My husband is a baloney-sandwich addict.

On the TV, as Larry Csonka cavorts with a woman on the edge of a swimming pool in a razor commercial, Maryanne says, "That has to be the worst commercial ever. I'll bet doing commercials is a big ego trip for a lot of those guys.'

The conversation rambles from camping trips the Simmonses have 50 taken in their Dodge van (their only vehicle), to the new home they have built in the Sy St. Louis area (where they plan to reside for life), to Transcendental Meditation (which Simmons practiced for two years but has since given up), to the various museums Simmons haunts when the Cardinals are on the road.

'The museums are great,' Simmons says, "but, overall, road trips are a super-bummer.

The following afternoon, Simmons arrives home from the ballpark early. His wife is at a museum, his boys with a babysitter. Simmons wipes his hands on the thighs of his hole-in-the-knees Levi's and picks up an elegant leatherbound, gold-leafed book that has come in the day's mail.

"So tell me about My Antonia by Willa Cather," he says.

He thumbs the volume as his guest recites the little he knows about the

"Sounds heavy," Simmons says. "Beautiful book though, isn't it? We get one of these every month from the

#### "What is Superstars? ....It's worse than a beauty pageant. It's prostitution"

Franklin Mint. Part of the '100 Greatest American Novels' series. I'd like to be able to tell you I read them, but I don't."

He puts the book down on the diningroom table and runs his fingers slowly across the leather cover.

"Now I read mostly books on antiques and spook books . . . you know, Thomas Tryon and such. Let's see, what else . . . most of Leon Uris . . . Vonnegut . . . Ragtime . . . stuff like that.'

Then Simmons picks up his camera with a telephoto lens mounted and walks into the brilliant afternoon sunshine of the terrace overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. Simmons, whose photographs have appeared in the Cardinals' yearbook, handles the Cannon and 200mm lens with a professional's ease. He focuses on a sunbather ten stories below and then fixes on a sailboat just below the horizon. "A whole different perspective," he says, squinting through the viewfinder. "Anyway, I like photographs. It's nice to be able to look at the past.

His guest mentions having recently seen a four-year-old photo of Simmons turning quickly for a foul pop as his ponytail was hitting the umpire in the mask.

"Yeah," Simmons says, "I'm surprised he didn't eject me for assaulting an umpire. That all seems like such a long time ago. The ponytail got some strange reactions, though. In Cincy one night I hit a Don Gullett forkball into the upper deck for a homer. On my way back to the bench, some guy leans over the top of the dugout and grabs me by the ponytail and is actually lifting me by my hair and shouting, 'You hippie dog. The hair was a statement, but I think I carried it on too long. Anyway, it used to take me 20 minutes every night just to blow-dry the stupid thing.'

Simmons puts the camera away as his guest is getting ready to leave.

"Hey, before you go, I want to ask you one thing," Simmons says. "Are you really from SPORT?'

I am dumbfounded, staring at him. Most star athletes consider an interview to be an hour of trivialities and non sequiturs thrown out over a free meal. Simmons had sat for hours of interviewing and had spent large chunks of three days with me and now at the end he calmly asks if I'm truly from SPORT!

"What I mean is," he says, "if this is something you're going to write and just send in hoping they buy it and it never gets in the magazine, I just hope you won't be embarrassed. I mean, I won't be mad at you or anything. Anyway, I've enjoyed talking about these things." He pauses. "So how about a beer and sandwich before you go?"

Simmons stands in the small kitchen, piling cheese, baloney and lettuce on slices of bread. "You know, I think about those dropouts hanging out in Zion National Park or Big Sur," he says. "They just sit there, playing guitar, smoking dope and waiting for the '60s to come around again. Don't they realize Woodstock is over?'

His face softens into a smile. "But, those times changed a lot of people forever," he adds, pointing a mayonnaisedripping knife for emphasis. "Sure, a lot of visible trappings of those times are gone, like my hair, for instance. And some things just got old, like grass did for me. And people have had to compromise to function in society. Everyone from Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden to my brother-in-law has made compromises. Those people may look different now, and they've matured, but their thinking, values and sympathies haven't really changed. So, a lot of those old '60s weird-beards are still out there, looking conventional and doing conventional things, like teaching, or engineering. . . .

'Or playing baseball?" I ask.

"Yes," Simmons says, smiling broadly. "I guess at least one of them is playing baseball.'

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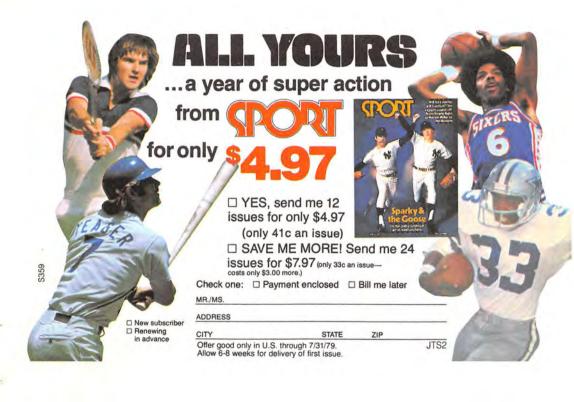
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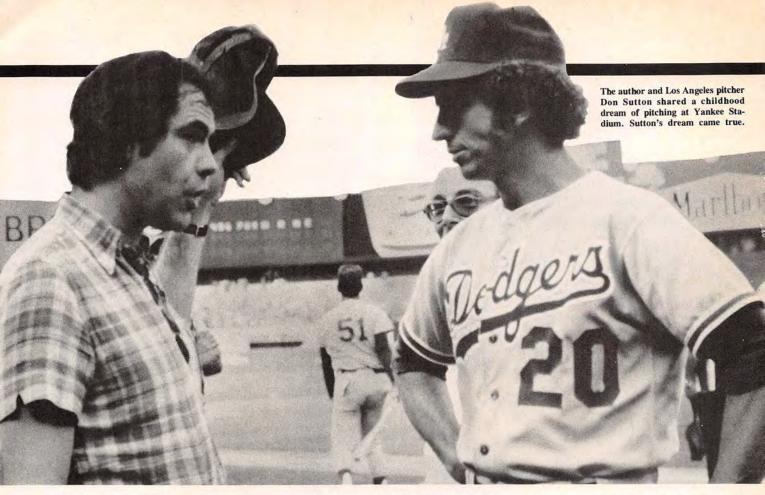


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## Robert Klein's All-Star Game shopping bag

The comedian who grew up near Yankee Stadium reports on last year's festivities: See George Steinbrenner dance! Hear Bowie Kuhn become a human sedative! Watch our graceful writer spill beer all over himself!

by ROBERT KLEIN

The only reason I didn't spend all of my time playing sandlot baseball as a kid was because my mother always said, "A boy could get hurt playing that game." She also said a boy could get hurt playing checkers: "You could take your eye out with a checker." But when I was growing up in the Bronx, bigleague baseball players were my first heroes, although I seldom got closer to them than the third-tier general-admission seats at Yankee Stadium. My ardor for the Yankees knew no bounds, and I stuck with them bravely through fat years and fatter years, as they haplessly smote their way to ten world championships. So when this magazine asked me to cover the 1977 All-Star Game at Yankee Stadium, I was thrilled.

Because I was a rookie reporter, a SPORT editor was appointed my companion through the two days of press hoopla leading up to the game. I meet my companion-a pleasant, mustachioed fellow with poor eyesight and an insane stare-at a New York Sheraton Hotel All-Star Game press conference. Sensing an imposter, I test his baseball head by immediately shooting a tough question at him: "Hi, who was Clint Hartung?" "Pitcher for the Giants, excellent hitter," he shoots back, handing me a shopping bag full of freebie product samples that manufacturers supplied the press for some weird manufacturer's reason. We step into an elevator that will lift us to the press conference, and a shopping bag instantly greets my

spine. I suck in the pain because on my immediate right is none other than Joe DiMaggio, the Yankee Clipper. A lucid, almost religious light is emanating from his silver head. I for one am embarrassed to be standing next to a legend while gripping a shopping bag full of razors and Good and Plenty candies. I remember Joe D's famous wide stance and his grace in the outfield and Marilyn Monroe. I begin to hum the Simon and Garfunkel tune, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? . . . Coo coo ka choo, Mrs. Robinson. . . . " Then I wonder for the 10,000th time what the hell "coo coo ka choo" means.

We get out at the Corinthian Room, which has a dais and podium facing rows of chairs. They are sturdy, comfortable hotel chairs—which is a good. thing because they are filled with the generous buttocks of sportswriters, an occupation whose members boast the most portly of backsides. The questions are not exactly profound. "Do the players really want to win?" "Why does the National League dominate?" The writers take notes furiously, as if there were going to be a test at the end. Sparky Anderson, who looks like a Swedish freighter captain with his purewhite hair and a midseason tan, answers questions cheerfully. Billy Martin, looking like he escaped from The Tombs prison, arrives late behind mean, black shades, and answers questions gruffly. My eyes pan the room and come to rest on Willie Mays and Joe DiMaggio chatting nearby. This is a long way from third-tier general admission.

I decide to ask a question of Dodger pitcher Don Sutton, who looks like he laughs easily. "Are you enthusiastic enough about winning the All-Star game to crash into the catcher like Pete Rose did in 1970 to win it?" "You'd have to be crazy to do that," Sutton says. I think it's a pretty good question and an excellent answer. I breathe a sigh of relief that I didn't make an ass of myself. The conference soon ends and the room breaks up into a dozen little clusters of reporters with a notable as the nucleus. Some kid from a midwest paper comes over to me wearing a tacky leisure suit and bearing the aura of someone to whom you could sell the Brooklyn Bridge. (He can also use a mustachegrowing instruction manual-one side droops and the other isn't present.) He has seen my work on television and says he would like to follow me around if it's okay with me. Well, it's okay with me. In the corridor next to the elevators I negotiate a quick trade with a writer from Boston. I pull from my shopping bag a sparkplug and a Miller Highlife nailfile, and he gives me his Good and Plenty and his model of the Goodyear Blimp. I am thoroughly enjoying my-

The next event is a media luncheon honoring the memory of the late Jackie Robinson, to whom the 1977 All-Star Game is dedicated. It is the 30th anniversary of Robinson's debut in the majors. A large photo of Jackie sliding into home is mounted above the dais at which are some of his former Dodger teammates, his widow and children and Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, the human-sedative master of ceremonies. No matter which team we had rooted for as kids, everyone knew what Jackie Robinson had accomplished and endured. Don Newcombe, tall as ever, with his jaw leading the way, speaks in measured, moving tones: "Ladies and gentlemen, you will never know unless you have lived it like I have what a pleasure and an honor it was to have played with Jackie Robinson."

Pee Wee Reese, speaking with far too much eloquence to be called "Pee Wee," talks about his evolution from a prejudiced Southern cracker to a leader whom many of the old Dodgers credit with the successful assimilation of Robinson into the big leagues. "If I had to be the first white in an all-black league—no way," says Pee Wee. "Jackie Robinson had to be a remarkable human being to stand the pressure." Roy Campanella, just released from a year's hospital stay, speaks of his old teammate Reese: "When I see Pee Wee here, I love him so much. Pee Wee, you've done more than any of us know, and you gave so many the opportunity to play." I look around the room and catch plenty of people wiping away tears. But this emotional high is shattered by Commissioner Kuhn's faux pas, committed while introducing Jackie's wife, Rachel Robinson. "And now it is my great honor to introduce a woman about whom adjectives come easily and are many. The charming and beautiful Rachel Jackson." One wonders if the commissioner's mind isn't elsewhere. perhaps with the several players he has introduced who don't happen to be present.

When the affair is over I ask Jackie Robinson's daughter about the afternoon. "I'm proud," she says, "but I'm hurt that no All-Stars were here to participate." This elegant young lady is angry. It will never make the papers, but I wonder why the all-powerful Kuhn can't arrange for a few players to show and thus avoid a slight to the memory of the man Kuhn is purporting to honor. The priorities of major-league baseball are revealed in little ways like that.

I was brought up two miles to the north of Yankee Stadium. But in all the years I have been coming to the stadium, this is my first visit as a professional sportswriter. So here I am out on the field, and the stands are empty, and the temperature is about 115, and I want to slide into second base. But my editor wisely restrains me. I spend the first few minutes surveying the ballpark from behind home plate and the batting cage. The sea of empty blue seats gives the stadium a strangely intimate appearance, which is deceiving because the ringside seats are 380 feet away. This would be an easy gig for a guy who does card tricks. From that huge distance, who could distinguish a jack from the four of clubs?

The National League All-Stars begin to trickle out of the dugout to the batting cage, behind which I'm standing. Seeing Dave Winfield and Dave Parker rip the ball makes me flinch. I watch Joe Morgan take his cuts. Whack! Into the rightfield seats. Whack! Lined single to center. His bat is a blur, controlled by the giant forearms of a Baskin-Robbins ice-cream packer.

Tony Kubek, trim, and looking like he could still play, is cruising the dugouts lining up the players he needs for his NBC-TV interviews. We exchange pleasantries and I tell him that when he got hit in the throat in the 1960 World Series, I couldn't swallow for a week and a half.

I begin thinking about tonight's big event: George Steinbrenner's "A BIG APPLE HAPPENING AND MEDIA HOSPITALITY party" at the Plaza Hotel. I look behind me and see the kid from the midwest paper. "That party ought to be real good," he says. "I wonder if they'll hand out more gifts."

They refuse to let me into the party. It seems my editor and I have not brought the proper invitations. Finally National League publicity director Blake Cullen recognizes me and arranges for two invites to replace the ones we errantly left at home among the razors and Good and Plenty. The Yankee bureaucrat who abused us two minutes before now smiles like a lifelong friend.

The ballroom is set up with several working bars and an enormous buffet of food, which the hungry writers are evidently interviewing as they cluster around the hotplates. In the next room I find an old acquaintance, Peter Duchin, whose band is playing the gig. George Steinbrenner himself is whirling a lady around the dance floor, doing an elegant Cleveland be-bop. I spot Mel Allen and Vin Scully standing close to one another; and I try to contrive a stereo nostalgia blast by placing Mel near one ear and Vin near the other, engaging them in conversation as my eyes look straight at Stan Musial and Bob Feller. It doesn't work however, because the kid from the midwest paper is at my left ear asking me how I like it so far.

The next day brings the commissioner's luncheon at the Americana Hotel's grand ballroom. I am prepared for the rapid serving of the food, which is roast beef, roast potatoes and roast fruit salad. Afterward I bump into Don Sutton and Jim Palmer. I tell Palmer that he's "The great American League hope." He answers somewhat selfdeprecatingly: "Well, we're all in a lot of trouble." Walking with Don and his wife toward their hotel, I discover that Don was a fanatic Yankee fan as a youth. He has always dreamed of pitching in Yankee Stadium, as have I. The only difference between us is that he will pitch in Yankee Stadium—tonight.

The late afternoon sun burns through the New York haze as my editor and I arrive at the stadium. We are out on the splendid green field once again, but this time people are filling the vast, blue ocean of seats. I sign a few autographs for some young fans who recognize me, and sure as shooting I begin spitting and tugging at my cap like a ballplayer. I walk into the dugout and take a drink of water. I don't know why, but I suddenly begin to touch my chest, nose, cap, ear and belt in uncontrollable fury like a third-base coach.

I need something to snap me out of | 53

### **Robert Klein**

this fit. Down in the corridor behind the dugout, I ask a cop to chase me like old times. I even give him his lines and proper reading. "Hey, get the hell outta there," he intones. "Okay, Robert?"

"Fine," I say with a crocodile tear in my eye. I am choked up, until I see Sparky Lyle coming up the corridor (I am shocked even now thinking about it) smoking a cigarette! "Please, Sparky," I say, "don't destroy a little 35-year-old boy's illusions. My God, what would you do if a real kid saw you?" I can't print here what Sparky said he would do if a real kid saw him.

Throughout the pregame workout, several writers and radio people find my presence at the game, on behalf of SPORT, a welcome novelty to mention in their accounts of the event. Ed Lucas from In Touch Radio Network interviews me to the left of the third-base line, right next to a giant cluster of sportswriters around Tom Seaver. Ed's approach is interesting because he and many of his listeners are blind (as indeed we all are when we are listening to an event on the radio) and he is keen on getting visual descriptions of what's going on around him. Details like Seaver's turned-around cap, John Stearns' proud dad, cigar-chomping sportswriters, Joe D. and Willie Mays in uniform, Sparky Anderson's white hair, a batting-practice homer by Ted Simmons, the NBC technicians running wires out of the dugout for interviews, the stadium lights being turned on, the array of different uniforms and colors, the scoreboard messages. . . . Just then, Ron Fairly, the ancients' great hope, saunters over with a bat in his hand and a twinkle in his eye. "Now you're a guy who's happy to be here, right, Ron?" I ask. He answers seriously: "Just to put the uniform on and take the field with the talent we have here is a privilege, something you remember your entire life. How many people watching the game can honestly say that they're doing the one thing they've wanted to do their entire life? Hell, I'm doing it.'

"Me too," I answer. "I'm standing in 100-degree heat, soaking wet."

"Would you like me to get you a rubber suit?" Fairly asks.

"I can tough it out, believe me," I assure him. But in truth, it is unbelievably hot to be outdoors, much less playing baseball. I am surprised that the All-Stars' mothers do not run out and scold their sons right off the field. "Johnny Bench, you get into the shade right now! Do you hear me?" "Aw, Ma. It's the All-Star Game." "Well, I'll All-Star you in a minute!"

I wish my own mother would show up to rescue me from this intense heat. "Robert, are you crazy writing out there in that hot sun? You'll get a stroke, you dummy!"

The teams look tuned and enthusiastic and I'm hungry and hot, so my editor and I proceed to the cool press lounge, where I look forward to my George Steinbrenner-provided Yankee box supper. We get to the lounge and discover that while we are to eat the supper there, we must obtain the supper down the corridor about a half mile away. There we see a guy dispensing the box suppers, supervised by none other than the Yankee bureaucrat who had hassled me at the Plaza. He smiles and says: "Do you have a ticket?"

"This guy's got a better sense of humor than I gave him credit for," I say to my editor as I casually reach down for my box supper. Without warning, the bureaucrat's smile disappears as he rips the box supper from my hands. "No box supper without a ticket. I don't care who you are."

"But obviously I was given one," I protest. I am searching frantically for a tiny piece of paper which is buried among the treats in my All-Star shopping bag at home. My editor offers me his box supper as a consolation on the long walk back to the lounge. We get there only to find out that they are no longer permitting people to eat there—a nice Catch-22 approach. Maury Allen of The New York Post asks me a question that makes me feel-momentarily-as if I belong to that closed fraternity of writers and insiders. "Who do you think's gonna win the game?" he asks. "National, I'm afraid," I say with confidence. "Sutton's fit, and Palmer told me he doesn't feel right.'

The seating accommodations for the game are "sardine time." Our seats are precisely in the middle of the row, 25 feet from either aisle.

Tom Seaver receives a tremendous and sustained ovation from the New York fans at the same time that I spill a half quart of beer on myself and my editor, completely obliterating two days of notes and a perfectly good scorecard.

Joe Morgan leads off the game and belts a 3-2 pitch into the rightfield seats as I take my first bit of a rather tasty roast chicken breast from my editor's box supper. Dave Parker singles as I try the cole slaw. He crosses the plate on a double by George Foster as I consume the fruit cup. Quite dispassionately, I nibble on a biscuit and watch poor Palmer wild pitch Foster to third. As Luzinski steps in to bat, I casually mutter to my editor: "Homer, no question about it." Whack! Four to nothing.

"Anybody have a napkin?"

In a real way, the game is an anticlimax for me. I have had lots of fun in the past 48 hours. As a lifelong fan, it has been interesting to see the part of baseball I know so little about—an industry complete with a power pecking order.

Meanwhile, Jim Palmer is tapped for another home run, this time from Steve Garvey in the third, and Palmer is gone, having given up five runs. In the sixth, Tom Seaver comes in. I can't help but root for him, even though I have precognition and know that he will yield three runs in two innings.

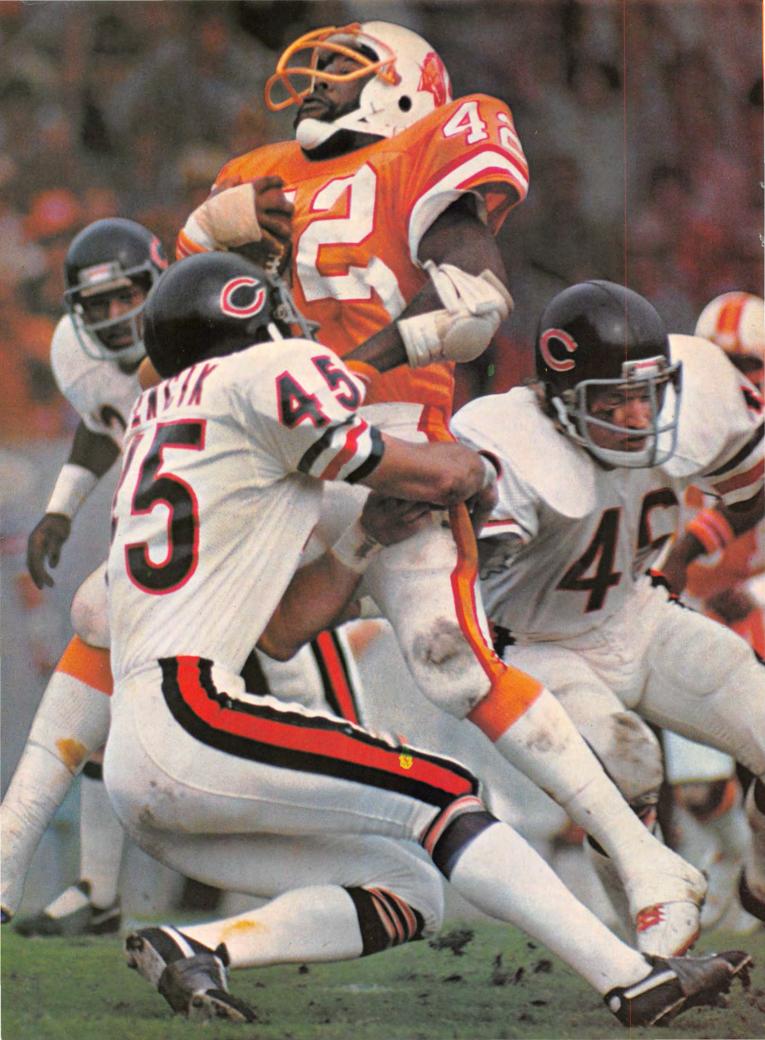
Butch Wynegar opens the seventh inning with a single off Seaver. After Campaneris strikes out, Garry Templeton muffs a ground ball. With two gone, Willie Randolph singles in Wynegar and my old pal, Ron Fairly, steps up as the go-ahead run. On a 2-2 count, Ron hits a shot into the rightfield seats, but, alas, it is foul. He then strikes out to end the inning. The Nationals go on to win 7-5, which is, of course, no surprise to me.

"It proves we got beat 7-5," says Billy Martin in the lockerroom after the game. "One game doesn't prove one league is better than the other." He sips a beer without enthusiasm. But I am more interested in the lockerroom atmosphere itself, than I am in specific statements by its inhabitants. I don't think that ballplayers shower with their clothes on, but somehow their nakedness takes me by surprise. After all, I hardly know them, yet they walk around that crowded, public room, buffing their bare bods with towels.

The dressing tempo quickens as the players seek to split. They are the best in the world and they are pleased to have been chosen. But the season is long and I think a part of each All-Star would have preferred to spend the midseason hiatus with his family. The two days of All-Star events are a tremendous public-relations hype and the All-Stars are on display as the best of the "product." But it's hard to hype a game whose outcome affects nothing.

Perhaps the things I imagined about baseball's "inside" when I was 12 are simply not there at 35. Perhaps they were only imagined, or maybe they existed once and have disappeared. In the last two days the most excitement has been provided by allusions to the past— Roy and Pee Wee and Willie and Joe D. The tribute to Jackie Robinson. After all, baseball's past is just as much a part of the All-Star event as the actual game. Perhaps even more. I say goodbye to Ron Fairly and Graig Nettles and I hide my eyes from the many other naked strangers into whose room I have intruded. I walk out the door and into the Bronx with the kid from the midwest paper right behind me clearing his teeth of Good and Plenty candies.





# How Ricky got his bell rung

he Tampa Bay Buccaneers were being humiliated again. losing their 11th straight game of 1977 and their 25th straight since joining the National Football League. The Bucs' offense was zeroing in on its worst performance ever: no points, four interceptions and only 78 rushing-passing yards gained against the visiting Atlanta Falcons. Rookie running back Ricky Bell, the first man chosen in the NFL's entire 1977 draft, was sitting on the Tampa bench nursing a bruised knee he'd sustained after gaining just 11 yards in six carries. From the stands behind him a few hecklers were coming in loud and strong, and Bell could take no more.

He turned toward the taunters and, his face twisted in anger, yelled, "Come on down here! If it's that bad, just come on down!" When the hecklers made no effort to come down or quiet down, Bell went after them by trying to scale the restraining wall. Teammate George Ragsdale grabbed him, police and stadium guards rushed in and order was quickly restored. Bell sat on the bench the rest of the afternoon and said nothing to anyone. Still, it was a measure of the anguish of playing on the worst team in the NFL that a mild-mannered, classically "nice guy" like Ricky Bell would even consider charging in anger after spectators.

Three days before the final game, Bell sat in an empty office at the Buccaneers' training complex, trying to explain that incident to a reporter. Bell was wearing jeans, print shirt and a windbreaker, and looked smaller than his 6 feet 1½ and 217 pounds. "I know I shouldn't have done it," he said quietly, rubbing his beard. "I've never been a fighter. But it was just the frustration, everything, the whole season . . . saying we'd never win."

He looked at the reporter questioningly, as though uncertain whether words could adequately convey the misery of being a loser. Even though the Buccaneers beat the New Orleans Saints the week before for their first regular-season victory ever, the sense of failure had not lifted. Bell, himself, had little to do with the victory, gaining just 34 yards in 14 carries before leaving the game with bruised ribs. The injury was just one of many for him in his rookie season. And the ribs were still so

Once described as "all arms and elbows and hammers," Bell was reduced to all frustration as an injured runner. As the No. 1 pick in the college draft, Ricky Bell reported to the Tampa Bay Bucs expecting to "gain a couple thousand yards." He finished the season battered and wiser, saying, "I guess USC doesn't prepare you very well for the realities of the NFL"

#### by PAUL BELLOW

painful that he would not be able to play in the season finale against St. Louis.

"It's just that we're so young and we make all these stupid mistakes," he continued. "We get so close and then we fumble or throw an interception or get a penalty."

Certainly it wasn't that way at the University of Southern California, where Bell was another great running back from the school that produced Mike Garrett, O.J. Simpson, Clarence Davis and Sam Cunningham. Bell made All-America twice, rushing for 3,673 yards in three seasons and finishing second in the 1976 Heisman Trophy balloting. In 1975 he outrushed Heisman winner Archie Griffin of Ohio State by 518 yards. In 1976, before being slowed by injuries, he rushed 51 times for 347 yards against Washington State, the second-greatest single-game rushing performance in major-college history.

By sharp contrast, Bell's full-season rushing totals as an NFL rookie were 148 carries for 436 yards-a paltry 2.9yard average-and just one touchdown. The man who won the 1976 Heisman, Tony Dorsett of the University of Pittsburgh, became an NFL Rookie of the Year in 1977 with the champion Dallas Cowboys, rushing 208 times for 1,007 yards and 12 touchdowns. As to why Bell was drafted first, his coach at USC and Tampa, John McKay, said, "Quite simply, he was the best player available. Most of the scouting combines had him ranked first and Dorsett second. People say, 'Look at the great year Dorsett had with Dallas.' Well, so did Roger Staubach. How do you think Staubach would have done behind our line this year? That's right, he would have gotten

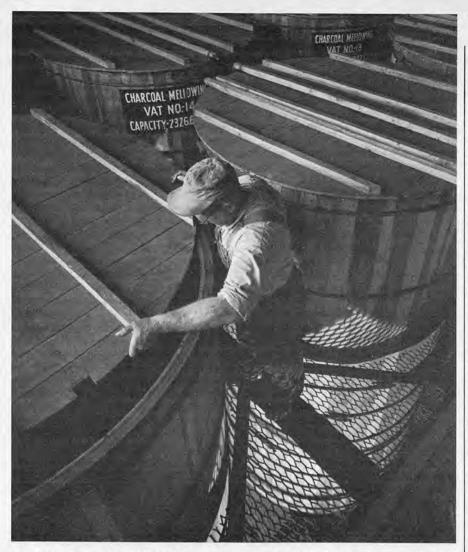
dumped an awful lot.

"We had so many players hurt it was incredible. Five of our six offensive linemen were new, and we used five different quarterbacks. It got to where the center would turn around and introduce himself to whoever was behind him. At times it was almost uncoachable. Believe me, it's very hard for a back to do well under these circumstances."

McKay's plan, he said, was to build for the future, taking quality players through the draft and gradually molding them into a solid, cohesive unit. He said it takes five years to become a serious 'Super Bowl contender,' the same length of time as his vice president-head coach contract with the Bucs. "Ricky Bell is a fine young man," he pointed out. "He's strong and he's fast and like all the tailbacks from USC, he's an awfully hard worker. When I first moved him to tailback in college, he ran all summer on the beach to build up his strength. When we drafted him here at Tampa what we were looking for was a Franco Harris-type runner rather than a gazelle. So far I'm perfectly satisfied with him. It's just going to take him a little time to acclimate to the NFL.'

The question, of course, is how much time do Bell and McKay have? Fans spoke longingly of the 1977 preseason games against Baltimore and Green Bay in which Bell dodged and darted and ran over people, leading the team to wins. But in the season opener against Philadelphia, Bell fumbled on a sure touchdown run. The Eagles recovered, eventually scored and won 13-3. In the next few games Bell sustained injuries to his ankle, shoulder and knee, causing him to miss all or parts of five games. Even when supposedly healthy, he did not run with the jolting explosiveness that caused one college coach to describe him as "a blacksmith, all arms and elbows and hammers.'

"I don't know whether he lost heart or not," said Jim Selman, a sportswriter who covered the Bucs for the Tampa Tribune. "But everybody in the pressbox noticed something had changed. Toward the end of the season he just didn't seem to be trying. He had no power. He'd go into the line and go right down, or else he'd fumble. We asked McKay about it and he said he suspected Bell was still injured but wouldn't admit it." Bell will only claim now that he's "not the kind of guy to complain. If people think I'm hurt and not playing well, that's their opinion. I have to be the way I am."



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### Bell

After the Thursday practice Ricky Bell decided to drive out to Eckerd College in nearby St. Petersburg to visit an old friend from Los Angeles. Bell climbed into his brown 1978 Grand Prix and crunched his heavy legs under the steering wheel.

Though he grew up in a poor part of Los Angeles, the fifth of seven sons in a broken family, he admitted that having a lot of money was no good unless you have the peace of mind to enjoy it. And he hadn't had much of that this year. During the off-season, he planned to live with his mother in the home he bought for her in L.A. and train hard for his second season. One thing he desperately wanted to do was justify John McKay's faith in him.

"McKay is a unique coach," he said, speaking softly. "He's like a ghost almost; now you see him, now you don't. At school he wouldn't say anything to you and you'd wonder if he even knew

you were alive.'

Bell guided the car over one of the Tampa Bay area's many bridges. "But I remember one time at USC I went by his office and he called me in. He pointed to a picture on the wall of Sam Cunningham in his New England Patriots uniform. 'You can be a pro, too,' he said. 'You're the same size and strength as Sam, but you're faster.' Just that little thing. The next day at practice I really played. I really felt good."

At a pizza parlor with his college friend, Bell said that he hadn't lost his confidence. "I think this is just a phase I'm going through. I'm new to the NFL and I'm being keyed on, and I'm new to being a tailback, too. Until my senior year at Fremont High I hadn't even run with the ball. Chester Lemon, the centerfielder for the White Sox, was our star running back. And at USC I was a linebacker first and then a fullback."

On the way back to Tampa, Bell's confident expression turned to one of melancholy, and he said, "I know I haven't lived up to Tampa's expectations. To be honest, I believed what they believed, that I'd come in here, gain a couple thousand yards, score 50 touchdowns, be Superman. But nobody can do that. At USC I used to have a hundred yards by the first quarter. Here I'm lucky to have 60 yards after a whole game. I guess USC doesn't prepare you very well for the realities of the NFL."

Several months after the season Ricky Bell was back in L.A., living at his mother's house, working out several hours each day. "My attitude is pretty good," he said. "I think my body just needed some rest. I know I'll have a better season this year." At least one good enough to keep the hecklers off his case, Bell hoped.

# "The Americanization of soccer is a joke"

an Counce is one of the best soccer players ever produced by the United States. A centerforward, he was the college Player of the Year in 1973-on a St. Louis University team that won the NCAA championship for the third time in his four years there. He was the fifth player chosen in the '74 North Ameri-can Soccer League draft. Then Dan Counce began a four-year odyssey that took him from Boston to San Jose to San Antonio to Hawaii. Along the way he had to endure front-office penny-pinching and European coaches who undermined his confidence and all but drove him out of the game-and out of his mind. Last season it reached a point where Counce became so overwrought that he had agonizing, violencewracked nightmares about his coach. These didn't end until the night he awoke in a cold sweat thinking, "I've killed him.'

Before the day arrives when hundreds of American-born players are engaged in comfortable pro soccer careers, the saga of Dan Counce will serve as a reminder of the struggles upon which their opportunity was built. Counce, now starring with the California Surf, is not one of the original players in the 12-year-old NASL, but at 26 he is among the few American veterans still in the game. The details of his survival offer a rare insight into the pitfalls. frustrations and occasional triumphs to date in the Americanization of pro soccer. Counce has battled prejudice ("We're seldom judged as soccer players-only as American soccer players, and that's still dirt to most Europeans, Counce says), has suffered front-office officials who favored foreign players on salaries ("Americans wanted to be in the league so bad, we'd take anythingand the owners knew it") and has survived a succession of confidence-crushing coaches ("If a coach keeps telling you, 'You're an idiot!' then after a while you begin to believe you're an idiot'').

The North American Soccer
League needs more U.S.
players, but all too
often they have been
subjected to agonizing
frustration, says
Dan Counce, the
collegiate Player of the
Year in 1973. Since then
foreign coaches almost
drove him out of the
game—and out of his mind

#### by BILL BRUNS

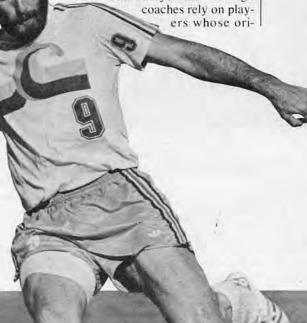
The irony of Dan Counce's struggle is that soccer has become a remarkably successful American participant sport at every level—except on the NASL playing fields. Picture the Americanization of soccer sweeping across playgrounds and college campuses, fighting off the skeptics and macho football coaches, overtaking in popularity Pop Warner football and Little League baseball in one community after another, filling vast football stadiums and gathering a momentum of glow-

Dan Counce, No. 9, California Surf

ing media attention—only to suddenly collapse upon reaching its final destination.

"Pro soccer has made so much progress the last two years, it's just unbelievable," Dan says. "But Americanization is a joke. Nothing is really happening." NASL rules now mandate that a team must carry at least six North Americans and play at least two of them throughout the game. But this quota includes Canadians and naturalized Americans. With pro soccer's future now apparently assured here, an increasing number of European players are taking out citizenship papers. Thus some teams are fielding just one American-born player. Says Counce: "I think that the quota, instead of being a minimum, has become a limit. It just means that one or two American-born players get a lot of playing time on most teams, while the others sit on the bench.'

The problems that American players have, Counce says, begin with the fact that European coaches have always dominated the game here. The 24-team NASL has only two American-born coaches this season. Understandably, the foreign



gins they know and trust.

Most American owners of NASL teams have given their European coaches license to procure foreign talent. Says Counce: "The coach would tell the owner, 'I think we should bring these guys in from England and we'll have a real good team. The Americans can't cut it.' The owner wouldn't know: he'd have to trust the coach. If the coach spent a lot of money to bring over a particular player from Europe, and that player was fat and out of shape, or just a lousy player, the coach would be forced to play him. He didn't want the owner to come in and say, 'Hey, we spent \$20,000 to have this guy sit on the bench.' '



In his fifth NASL season, Counce—here stopped by San Jose Earthquake goalie Mike Hewitt—has finally become a star.

Dan pauses and smiles. A loose and friendly person, he has a dark, bushy beard, lively brown eyes and, at 5 feet 11 and 178 pounds, a build much like a tennis player's. His life is focused on soccer all year long. He is the assistant soccer coach at Western Illinois University in the NASL off-season and, to earn a master's degree in athletic administration, is completing a thesis with a working title of "A study to determine when, where and how goals are scored in soccer."

Although overshadowed at his position by foreign players throughout his pro career—among them, Pelé— Counce is rivaled only by Kyle Rote Jr. among American-born stars. "I haven't seen a better American center-forward than Danny," says John Sewell, Counce's current coach. So in speaking out in favor of increased Americanization of his sport, Counce is no sourgrapes benchwarmer. Nor is he an America-first jingoist. "I like most of the foreign players, and we need them here," he says. "But I also want to see the Americans get a fair shake.

"Sure, I'm in the game to help myself, but I'm also in there to help soccer," Dan goes on. "I want to see soccer become one of the major sports in the United States because I love the game. I think we need successful Americans in the game so that parents and coaches and young players can look at a Dan Counce and say. 'He came through our system.' American kids can identify with my success."

Dan Counce grew up in St. Louis, which has traditionally had well-organized amateur soccer programs. He rooted for St. Louis University, "the No. 1 college soccer team in the country," and played the sport himself. In sixth grade he attended a school about three miles from his home, and he used to walk and run there every day with a soccer ball. "I would throw the ball up and 'head' it about five vards, then run and catch it and 'head' it again. If there wasn't a car coming, I'd run down the street, kick the ball against the curb and practice keeping it going as I ran along. After school, I'd play soccer until it was almost 5, then I'd grab my ball and run home.

Counce set a three-year scoring record on his high-school soccer team and won a scholarship to St. Louis U. Though the honors Counce had won in college soccer made him the equivalent of a Heisman Trophy winner in football. his first pro team, the Boston Minutemen, treated him like any run-of-themill draft choice. His five-month contract called for \$700 a month, an apartment and an eventual \$1,700 in bonuses. "You didn't play for the money because there wasn't any," says Counce. "It was actually a semipro operation. Most of the players had to work at other jobs, and we practiced only twice a week. But I got into the starting lineup and I was happy." His Austrian coach, Hubert Vogelsinger, played him out of position in midfield rather than at his accustomed center-forward. "But I was eager, I was American and I'd play wherever the coach wanted me to play."

In the fifth game of the season, at Baltimore, he broke his cheek in a collision with the goalkeeper. Counce woke up two hours later in Baltimore Memorial Hospital, where doctors wanted to shave his head before performing corrective surgery. He refused and transferred to a St. Louis hospital. "I was getting married in four weeks and all I could think was. 'How can I get married with a shaved head?' "

Counce had the operation without losing a hair and returned to Boston about ten days later. He had a surprise waiting at his apartment. "The club had been bringing in foreign players for one-day tryouts and letting them stay overnight in my apartment. It was a pit. These guys would get cut after one day and then go back to my apartment and rip it off. I had about \$10 worth of steaks in the freezer and when I came back the place smelled like rotten meat. Apparently one guy had taken the steaks out to defrost, but then he got cut at practice and he just never came back."

Counce complained to Boston's general manager, who said he knew nothing about anyone using Counce's apartment. Moreover, the general manager wanted Counce to pay a bill from the Baltimore hospital, "Your insurance paid for everything but a dollar for the phone and six dollars for the television in your room," said the G.M. "So you owe us seven dollars."

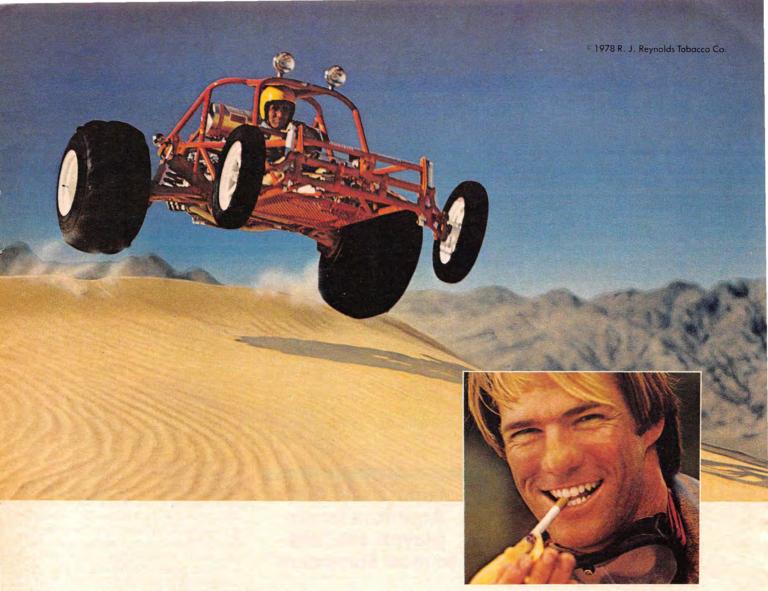
Dan tossed the bill at the general manager, saying, "Shove this up your ass," then stormed out of the office.

He finished out the season with Boston, despite other financial disputes with the front office. Then, when management promised to find him a good job, he agreed to stay in the city all winter to help promote the team. After two months, there was still no job. To live, Counce and his wife had to start spending their wedding-present money. Finally a job came up: working at a bacon factory in the worst part of town, on the night shift, dipping bacon in salt brine.

"I told them that wasn't the kind of job I had in mind, that I was going back to St. Louis, and that I wanted my airplane tickets home, which had been promised in my contract. They told me, 'We don't owe you anything. Your contract expired.'

Soon after that, Dan requested a trade and was dealt to San Jose, one of the league's most successful franchises. His salary was raised to "about \$800" a month and everything looked fine-until the season began. "I would start one game and sit on the bench the next. Finally I had a talk with the coach, Ivan Toplak, and told him I deserved to play more, and if I didn't fit into his plans, I wanted to be traded. He assured me that he had plans for me, but I should have realized what he really thought of me because he always called me Dave. When your coach calls you Dave for three months, and your name's Dan, then your days are numbered.

Several days after his talk with



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Toplak, Counce found himself starting against Portland, in a game that was crucial to San Jose's playoff hopes. Counce thought, "Damn, I should have talked with him a month ago." Then, about 30 minutes into the game, San Jose's two central defenders got ejected. There were other defenders on the bench, but Toplak moved Counce back to central defender, a position he had never played in his life. "That's like putting a guard at center in basketball," he says, "but I played there the rest of the game and we came from behind to win, 2-1."

Three days later, Counce was traded to San Antonio.

"At this time, San Antonio was the pits," Dan recalls. "Three months earlier I would have never gone there from Boston, but my confidence was so down, I felt I had to go and prove myself. Besides, they had a new coach, an American, who knew me and who wanted me to play for him." Still, Counce had his apprehensions from the moment he arrived. "I went in for the first day of practice and they told me I had to supply my own jock."

Nevertheless, Counce felt he started to prove himself as a professional soccer player in San Antonio. "I was put in the starting lineup right away, I got my confidence back and the team started winning after a 1-10 start." Yet always he had to cope with front-office parsimony. "They would send me to clinics and ask me to sell bumper stickers and pennants to the kids, like I was a damn peanut vendor. I refused to do that."

He played another year in San Antonio, then the franchise was moved to Hawaii. "It looked good at first," Dan recalls. "I was now up to about \$1,400 a month plus fringes, and I was coming off what I felt was my best year. But then the coach resigned, and they hired my old buddy from Boston, Vogelsinger."

Counce had never taken to Vogelsinger's personality or coaching approach. "He's a firm believer that the only way you motivate people is to 'kick' 'em in the ass.' Just put your players down all the time. A few guys play better as a result, but most players just start believing that they're really no good."

Dan played center-forward all through the 1976 preseason, only to be shifted back to the midfield once league games began. "Vogelsinger had me in and out of the lineup, and pretty soon he was starting to drive me crazy," says Counce. "He never gave us a day off just to relax, and you couldn't make a move without him knowing about it because he lived in the same apartment complex with all the players."

Says Counce's wife Pat: "Dan is normally a very relaxed, easygoing guy, but he became a nervous wreck just going to practice." Soon he began having nightmares about Vogelsinger. "We started offjust arguing," Dan recalls, "then we began to have fistfights. Finally, I killed him—and the dreams stopped."

Less than a week later, the club fired Vogelsinger.

After the season Counce was traded to the California Surf, a franchise that had just been moved to Anaheim from St. Louis, "My relatives joked that I had finally come back to St. Louis," Counce says, grinning, "but the team wasn't there anymore."

After the hurly-burly of his first four years in the league, Counce found, comparatively, a soccer paradise in Anaheim—a transition that reflects the growing success of pro soccer in some American cities. The Surf has a bright and well-financed front-office staff; coach John Sewell, who gave Counce a chance to play regularly; a first-class playing facility in Anaheim Stadium, and surrounding communities swarming with youth-soccer players.

#### Counce says that American soccer players are "dirt to most Europeans"

"I feel comfortable," Counce said before the league opener in April. "This is finally *professional* soccer. It's what I always expected—and I never got."

In the opener against Portland, with 15,000 fans showing up in Anaheim despite heavy rains, Dan played the entire game at center-forward, and in the 79th minute he took a pass and scored the only goal in the Surf's 1-0 victory. After five games, the team was 4-1, with four American-born players in the starting lineup. "People act like it's a miracle," says Counce, "but I think it shows what American players can do."

For American-born players to eventually make a significant impact on the pro game, Dan believes, first, that the NASL should increase the American quota faster than the league owners now intend. The quota is scheduled to remain at two next year and only move up to three in 1980, by which time there will be even more naturalized-Americans with European soccer backgrounds. "We need the quota," Counce says. "If most coaches had a choice, they wouldn't play any American-born players. But the league should increase the quota by two every year. This would force teams to discover and develop American players.'

Next, Counce says, coaching must be improved at all the developing levels. "The youth program in this country is really strong. Kids are getting started when they're six or seven, but they need the right kind of coaching, which emphasizes individual skills. When I grew up in St. Louis, I was taught that dribbling was bad-if you dribbled, you came out of the game. This really discouraged the player who had a flair. He was always under pressure to pass the ball, instead of trying to dribble the ball closer to the goal. That's why Americans haven't developed the individual skills that European and Latin players have."

The college game, Dan feels, must also advance. He calls for improved coaching that reflects developments and innovations in the international game, more knowledgeable officiating and a longer schedule. "They've got to play a lot more than 18 or 20 games. You only learn so much at practice."

He opposes the growing tendency of teams to sign top players right out of high school, in order to develop them on reserve teams. "I think most procoaches believe the college game is a dead end, and that they must rely on their reserve-team system. The sounder approach is to try to upgrade the college game so that a player coming out of college soccer will be ready for the pros.

"In Europe the good soccer players turn pro when they're 17 or 18 and are fully developed by the time they're 21 or 22. So to European coaches in the U.S., a player coming out of college at 21, untested as a professional, is seen as being over-the-hill. The coaches are thinking, 'We have too much work ahead of us to teach this guy to do this and that. Let's sign the good young players and do our own training.' That sounds okay, but this is America—not Europe—and education is important here.''

Ultimately, perhaps the most important influence in hastening Americanization on the playing field will be the growing attendance at pro soccer games. "I'm prejudiced," Counce admits, "but I think that Americanization is going to be forced on the league because once the crowds turn out and people become really interested, they're going to ask, 'Where are the Americans?' The smart clubs know they need Americans. The owners are saying, 'I've got to push Americans if I'm going to fill this place consistently. If you're a parent with a kid who plays soccer, he may never have any pro potential, but you want to see American heroes—someone you can identify with—so that you can at least think, 'My kid may be like that some day.' "



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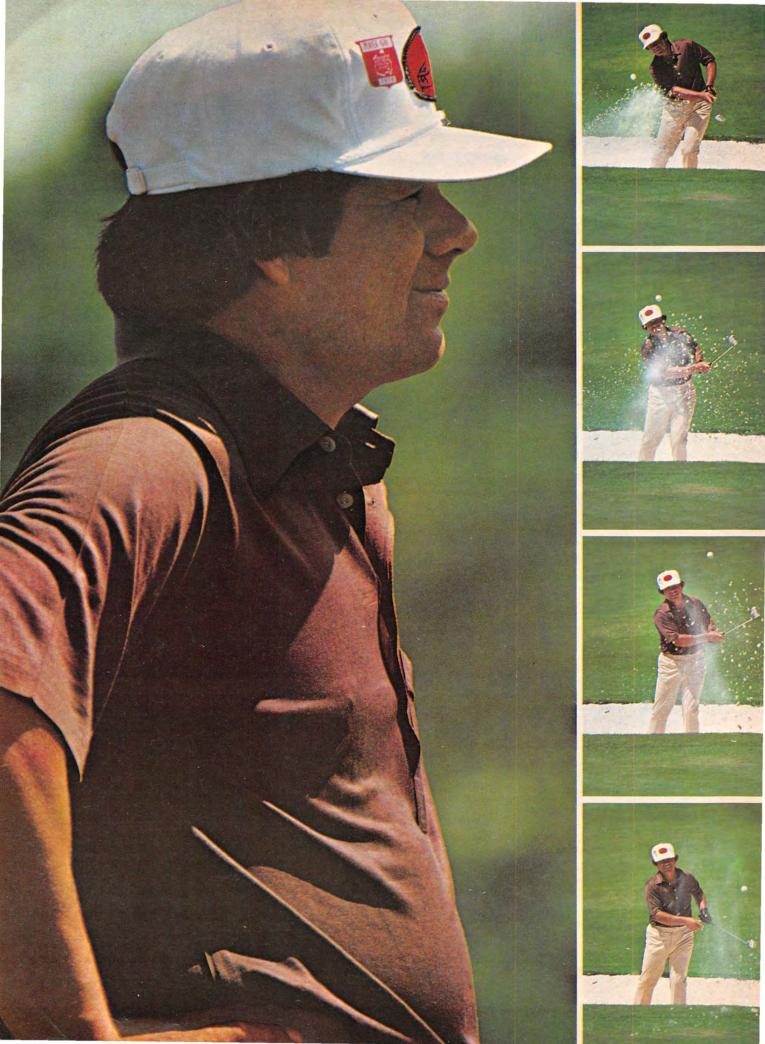
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## Return of the Lee Trevino Show

ith its big homes, big trees and big lawns, the Dallas neighborhood emits the fragrance of big money, Texas money, millionaire money. As the golfer who once made \$1 million on the PGA tour quicker than anybody out there, Lee Trevino deserves to live in the neighborhood. He moved his wife and four children into a new home another world away from the Dallas slums where he grew up as the grandson of an immigrant Mexican gravedigger. But in distance, his new home is only about two miles from his roots. Lee Trevino understands that completely. That's why there's a maroon '51 Ford pickup truck in his driveway.

"I pile the kids in the back and away we go," he says. "When the neighbors see this pickup, they know I'm home."

They also know that Lee Trevino is still Lee Trevino; they know the money hasn't changed him and never will. He's 38 now, working on his second million as a touring pro. He's got enough money to relax. And enough other vehicles to drive—a '52 Mercedes-Benz convertible, a '54 MG convertible, a '72 Glassic (a copy of a model-T Ford) convertible, a '66 Lincoln Continental and a '78 Chrysler—but he prefers to drive the pickup. The pickup is him. He remembers when all he ever wanted in life was to own a pickup.

"Growing up," he is saying, "I wanted to be a mechanic. I worked on cars. I still do. With a pair of pliers and some wire, I can fix the transmission on this pickup."

The pickup, with its chrome exhaust pipes curling up, symbolizes not only what Lee Trevino is all about but also what he means to golf. If a psychiatrist were to put the famous golfers in autos that symbolized each one's role in the game, Jack Nicklaus would be in a Rolls-Royce sedan, Arnold Palmer would be in an old Mercedes-Benz touring car and Lee Trevino would be in a pickup rattling along a dusty Texas road.

For comfort, everybody would ride with the others. For laughs, everybody would ride with Lee Trevino.

On a practice tee, an admiring spectator kept exclaiming at the soaring trajectory of Trevino's shots. With a grin, Trevino finally turned and said, The laughter stopped for the Tex-Mex crowd-pleaser after he was struck by lightning in 1975 and had back surgery the next year. But he's back in top form again—hitting on-line drives and dropping one-liners

#### by DAVE ANDERSON

"What did you expect from the U.S. Open champion—ground balls?"

Another time, after a bad shot in a tournament, he let loose with some language left over from his Marine hitch, then looked up and said, "Oh, excuse me, lady, I thought you were a tree."

One-liners like those typified the Lee Trevino Show when he was winning five major championships—the U.S. Open in 1968 and 1971, the British Open in 1971 and 1972, the PGA in 1974. He was golf's Don Rickles then, a leading money-winner and *the* leading crowdwinner. But in 1975, during a thunderstorm at the Western Open outside Chicago, the laughs stopped when a lightning bolt seared his shoulder. And in 1976 he needed spinal-disc surgery. Some people wondered if he would ever win much again.

"I knew I would," he says now. "I never had any doubt I'd play well again."

And he did. Last year he won the Canadian Open, considered the world's fifth most prestigious title. This year he was in contention at the Masters, tied for the lead at the halfway mark. He was doomed to finish eight shots behind Gary Player's winning score of 277 following a triple-bogey seven in the third round. But the Masters marked the return of the Lee Trevino Show; he was laughing again, he was himself again, obviously capable of winning another U.S. Open, another British Open, another PGA and perhaps next year his first Masters, a tournament where he never appeared comfortable before.

A TV newsman asked him, "What

has changed your attitude toward the Masters this year?"

"My wife put me in another bedroom," Trevino said with his cackling laugh. "She told me, 'You can call me when you win."

But his wife wasn't in Augusta; she was back in Dallas, getting settled in their new home.

That's always been Lee Trevino's style. Tell a joke when he wants to keep the truth private. It always works. Most people prefer to laugh than to get serious. He wasn't about to discuss his discomfort at the Masters in previous years, certainly not for an Augusta television audience. He wasn't about to tell them that, with his Mexican looks and his Mexican heritage, he sometimes felt like a stranger at Augusta National with its big-money members in their famous green jackets. He wasn't about to tell them about the first time he rode up to the green sentry box at the far end of a canopy of magnolia trees leading to the famous white clubhouse. Neil Harvey, then his caddy and driver, was at the wheel that Monday in 1968 when Trevino arrived for his first practice round.

"I've got Lee Trevino here," Harvey said to the security guard. "He's a contestant"

"That's fine," the guard said. "But where is your ticket for today's practice round?"

"He don't need a ticket," Trevino tried to explain. "He's my caddy, he's with me."

"He needs a ticket *here*," the guard said. "Go to the next gate and buy a ticket."

Welcome to the Masters, kid. And more discomfort occurred a few hours later. Trevino was walking up the eighth fairway of his practice round with the Masters caddy who had been assigned to him. Harvey was strolling along with them. Suddenly another security guard appeared.

"You, off the course," said the guard, pointing at Harvey. "You don't belong inside the ropes."

"If he's going to have to leave," Trevino snapped at the guard, "I'm going to have to leave too."

Recalling those incidents now, Trevino acknowledges that "they got me off on the left foot with the Masters," which was ruled with an iron fist by Cliff Roberts, a crusty Wall Street banker,

## HOW TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE SO-CALLED CAR SPEAKER AND THE FIRST CAR SPEAKER THAT DESERVES TO BE SO CALLED.

The best of the so-called car speakers, on the left, is identical in principle to a fine home speaker.

The Audiovox Comp 60, on the right, approaches sound from an entirely different point of view. The car.

It's easily distinguishable from the so-called car speaker in that it comes in two parts. One, a super efficient, low mass mylar midrange/tweeter for high definition and clear high and middle frequencies. And two, a beefed up 6½ woofer for beefed up bass sound.

The reason the incredible Comp 60 is a breakthrough, as well as a breakapart, is simple. It's the first speaker to put the midrange/tweeter where it should go in a car. In the front. And the woofer where it should go. In the rear. The result is the treble sounds, which are highly directional, get pointed at you, instead of at the back window. And the bass sounds, which are not highly directional, can spread out and move forward to meet the treble at an ideal point in the car. Your ear.

Of course, to be perfectly honest, the Comp 60 does have a few features

in common with a fine home system.

Like a circular woofer for clean bass response. And a dome tweeter for uniform sound dispersion. And a copper wound high temperature voice coil that can take the heat in the music without going to pieces. And heavy weight ceramic magnets that total a big 60 ozs. for a maximum of efficiency and a

minimum of distortion.

Besides a handling
capacity of 40 whopping
watts per channel. And a
frequency response of from
50 to 20,000 Hz.

The Comp 60 also has some parts no home system has. Like butyl rubber edges and gaskets to provide vibration-proof, jounce-proof damping.

If you want to get as much pleasure from your car speaker as your home speaker, make sure you get a lot more than a scaled down home speaker for your car. Get the first real car speaker. The Audiovox Comp 60. The speaker we took apart because of the way your car is put together.

## THE COMP 60 BY AUDIOVOX

We build stereo for the road. We have to build it better.

#### Trevino

until his death last year. Not that Trevino has ever been intimidated by propriety.

Introduced to Prime Minister Heath at the British Open, he blurted, "How do you do, Mr. Prime Minister—ever shake hands with a Mexican before?"

For whatever reason, Trevino never appeared comfortable at the Masters during Cliff Roberts' reign. But when he arrived at Augusta this year, he had a pleasant chat with Roberts' successor, Bill Lane of Houston.

"I think that talk with Mr. Lane helped," Trevino would say after the tournament ended. "He's a nice man."

He's also a Texan, a millionaire businessman with a gentle manner. Trevino relates to almost everybody, but he especially relates to Texans. Until this year, his best Masters finish was a tie for 18th in 1969. But after that tournament he decided he "couldn't play the course" because he didn't hit the ball high enough for it to land softly on the many elevated greens. He spurned Masters invitations in 1970 and 1971, then returned in 1972 after having won both the U.S. Open and British Open the previous year. But gradually, he realized that he is perhaps the best golfer never to wear a green jacket as Masters champion. With that in mind, he retooled his game for this year's tournament.

'Look at that," he said on the practice tee at the Jackie Gleason Inverrary Classic in February as he hooked a 7iron shot. "That's an Augusta hook." Throughout his career, Trevino always had preferred to fade the ball in a left-toright direction. But now he was hooking the ball right to left, essential at Augusta National with its six dogleg-left holes. And instead of competing at the Heritage Classic and the Greater Greensboro Open, as he often had in the past, he practiced for two weeks near home. When he shot a two-under-par 70 in the Masters first round, the Lee Trevino Show was on.

"I made up my mind," he said with a grin, "if I shoot 83 here, I'm not going to get mad."

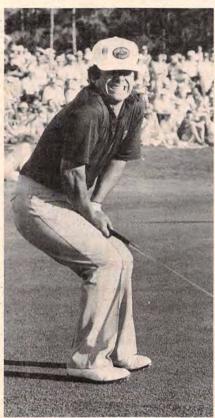
In his white shirt, black slacks, black shoes and black hat, he was sitting in a green-cushioned wooden chair atop the platform in the interview room. It's a platform for the other golfers; it's a stage for Trevino. Then came the question he gets dozens of times a day:

"How's your back?" a man said. "It's fine," Lee Trevino said.

Well, yes, it's fine, if you don't count that when he gets up every morning, he hangs upside down from a trapeze hooked to the top of a door, then does an hour of exercises designed to loosen and strengthen the muscles in his back. And if you don't count that he does another hour of exercises in the evening.

"It takes me about an hour in the morning," he would confess later, "before I can straighten up."

He likes to joke that he doesn't "lift anything heavier than a can of Miller Lite." His back ailment began when Trevino was a teenager and lifted a mower at the Dallas golf course where he worked. Then in 1976 he lifted a 70pound potted plant in the home he then owned in Santa Teresa, N.M. Suddenly



Galleries usually stare in silent awe at Nicklaus or Palmer, but call, "Good luck, Lee," to the clowning Trevino.

the pain was unbearable. The disc between his fourth and fifth vertebrae had ruptured and bulged, creating pressure on his spinal cord. He underwent an operation for disc repair and the removal of bone from the lower spine canal. Some people speculated that the 1976 lightning accident had created the spinal ailment, especially since Jerry Heard, a touring pro struck by the same bolt, also had spinal problems.

"The lightning may have aggravated Lee's problem," says Dr. Antonio Moure, his surgeon. "But it didn't cause it. Lee's condition was chronic."

Now, the morning of the Masters' second round, Trevino did his exercises in the apartment he rented near the course, then arrived at the club with Al-

bert Salinas, a traveling adviser. When the trunk of their car swung up, Salinas took out the big brown golf bag.

"If somebody else don't lift that bag for me," Trevino said, "I don't play."

After half an hour on the practice tee, Trevino walked toward the putting green, passing the pro shop where several white-overall-clad caddies were lounging.

"Lee," one caddy said with a wide grin. "Lee, my man, Lee."

"Super-Mex, get it on," another caddy said. "Suuuuuuuper-Mex."

Near the putting green, several spectators smiled and greeted him, saying, "Hello, Lee" or "Good luck, Lee" or "Hey there, Lee, I'm from Texas" and Trevino smiled at them. People naturally call him "Lee," not "Mr. Trevino." And they say hello to him, whereas most spectators are inclined to stare at Jack Nicklaus or Arnold Palmer in silent awe. They respect Nicklaus and Palmer, but they relate to Lee Trevino.

Then he went out and shot a threeunder-par 69 to share the 36-hole lead at 139 with Rod Funseth.

"On the second hole," he said, "I hit the longest drive I ever remember hitting. I had only 176 yards to the green."

The second hole, a par 5 of 565 yards, is a dogleg-left where a hooked drive rolls downhill.

"That's what, then, a 389-yard drive," he said, repeating a newsman's calculations. "Damn, that's a long way, even downhill. But like I told you, I'm hooking the ball now. If you hit a hook offthat tee, it will roll. But it's more than that. This is the best attitude I've ever come here with. I feel I can win the tournament. Claude Harmon Jr. told me that his father won here with my kind of game and Jimmy Demaret won here three times. Of course, they didn't have to play against Jack Nicklaus like I do."

When they arrived at the first tee of their 18-hole playoff for the 1971 U.S. Open, Trevino playfully tossed a rubber snake at Nicklaus, then tossed a two-under-par 68 at him to win by three shots. Through the years, Trevino has always been at his best when competing man-to-man against Nicklaus, whom Trevino describes as "the greatest" golfer in history.

"But," he acknowledged before that 1971 playoff, "head-to-head is an advantage for me. I like head-to-head because I was a hustler all my life."

He hasn't tossed any rubber snakes since the lightning and the surgeon's scalpel flashed. His wife Claudia believes that "Lee appreciates golf more now, he's a little more serious about it

#### Trevino

than before." Not that he's that serious, but out on the Augusta National course he had maintained an unusual sense of decorum, for him.

"You weren't clowning much out there," somebody said to him.

"I just don't feel like it," Trevino said, smiling. "I don't want to lose my guest badges.

"I think," Trevino quickly continued, "this is the lowest 36 hole I've ever had here. I did pretty good my first Masters in 1968, but in the last round I shot 80 the same day my son was born."

"Didn't you have the flu that day?"

"That was a hangover," Trevino said, grinning at the newsman who had asked the question. "I won't say nothin' if you don't."

"Are you having a party if you win?"

"If I win here Sunday," he replied, "I won't know it until Thursday; all of Georgia won't know it."

"Margaritas?"

"Anything," he said. "You can go skinny-dipping in the pond over behind the clubhouse."

"Are you more relaxed here now?"

"I got a lot of friends in Augusta now. I have some friends out here in the country. We go out and have a fish fry, we have fun."

"You lost some weight, didn't you?"

"Yeah, but I'm not a flat belly. I weigh 180 now. I was 193 when I won the '68 Open. I'd like to be 170... but damn, I love to eat."

"Why are you hitting it longer?"

"I think the exercises did that. I hate those exercises and I have to do 'em the rest of my life, but they've built up my thigh muscles and my back muscles. I'm getting through the ball faster. And by hitting my tee shot longer, I'm going in there with a 6, a 7, an 8 or a 9 instead of a long iron."

"Nicklaus is using a driver with a 9½degree loft to hit it longer. Are you doing anything like that?"

"I don't know about that stuff," he said. "I just look at my driver. If it looks good, then I use it."

Moments later he was surrounded by dozens of radio newsmen, then he did two TV interviews on the clubhouse lawn. Across the expanse of Augusta National, the sun was slipping into the piney woods, creating long shadows across the fairways.

"I got to leave now," he told the first TV man. "I only got three minutes to practice my putting. I quit at five."

But he kept talking, saying how "I love this hot weather, it helps my back," how "Ten or 11 under par will win, so I got to go six more under to have a chance."

Applause erupted from about 200 spectators as Trevino left.

"Did you know," he said as he walked, "that I played with the king of Morocco last year. That's the most nervous I've ever been on a golf course. I almost whiffed the ball on the first tee. I was born in a house with no electricity, no runnin' water and there I was playing with the king of Morocco."

At the putting green, only two other golfers were practicing—Gary Player, who would shoot 11 under par to win the tournament, and Lindy Miller, who would be the low amateur. Jack Nicklaus soon joined them. And for those who wonder why Nicklaus, Player and Trevino have accounted for 30 major championships among them, maybe the extra practice suggests why.

Only four golfers have won each of the four major tournaments (Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and PGA) that form golf's grand slam—Nicklaus, Player, Ben Hogan and Gene Sarazen. Of those four, only Nicklaus and Player are active, and it was significant that both were on the putting green with Trevino, who needs only a Masters title to

# "My wife put me in another bedroom and said, 'Call when you win the Masters'"

join them.

When he finished, Trevino walked to the parking lot, bypassing the Augusta National clubhouse again. "I think I've been in the clubhouse here once," he was saying now, which is once more than most people think he has. "But that's not unusual. I never go inside the clubhouse at other tournaments."

Not quite true. He's been seen inside many tournament clubhouses. But in other years at the Masters, he changed his shoes in the parking lot, as publinx golfers do, rather than in the lockerroom.

"I put on my spikes in my apartment now," he explained, "and then I go back there and take 'em off."

"But if you win the Masters," he was asked, "will you go in the clubhouse next year for the champions' dinner?"

"Sure, I will," he said, cackling.
"The defending champion makes up the menu. I'll bring some tamales and some jalapeno peppers. We'll have the hottest Mexican food I can find."

But after Trevino's fifth hole in Saturday's third round, there was little chance of a Mexican menu at next year's champions' dinner. The fifth is Augusta National's least appreciated hole—a treacherous 450-yard dogleg-

left to a tricky two-level green. The day before, Nicklaus had taken a doublebogey 6 there after yanking his drive into the piney woods. Trevino hit a good drive but then he meditated on which club to use for his shot to the green.

"I decided to cut a 3-iron in there," he would say later. "I just nailed it and it disappeared from the world."

It disappeared into the bushes and trees behind the green. Forced to hit a 1-iron lefthanded, he bounced the ball into a bunker, then he left his next shot in the same sand. After blasting out to within three feet of the cup, he needed two putts to get the ball in the hole.

"I think my [green] coat went out the window there," he would say. "I went to the sixth tee feeling like a 15-handicapper."

He rallied for a par 72 that day, but dropped five shots behind Hubert Green, the third-round leader who had shot a 65.

"That should prove to you that I'm serious about this tournament," Trevino was saying now, back on his stage in the press tent. "Any other time I would've taken my 72 and got drunk. But not now. I'm not mad. I may get mad when I get to the airport, but I'm not mad now."

He looked around for questions, and when there weren't any, he rose and said, "It's Miller time."

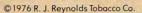
Trevino thought he still had a chance to win. On the last few holes, he had remembered what he recently had told Chi Chi Rodriguez about putting—'that the right shoulder has to go with the putter's head.' And now, in the parking lot, he already was thinking about the final round. 'It looks good to me with the putter tomorrow,' he said. 'It really does.'

But in the final round, he missed six birdie putts from inside ten feet on the front nine. He finished with a two-overpar 74 while Gary Player, who had been seven shots behind Green and two behind Trevino at the start of the round, had a record-tying 64 to win his third green jacket.

Later at his sprawling Dallas home, Lee Trevino was looking back at the Masters and looking ahead.

"Next year," he said, "I'm going to carry two drivers in my bag at the Masters—one driver I can hook. You got to be able to hook your drive on two and 13 to get a birdie. I was two over par on the par-5 holes. That was the difference. But until then, I'm just going to keep plugging. I like to play a lot of tournaments. Excuse me, I got to go practice my hook now."

He got into his '51 Ford pickup and drove off.



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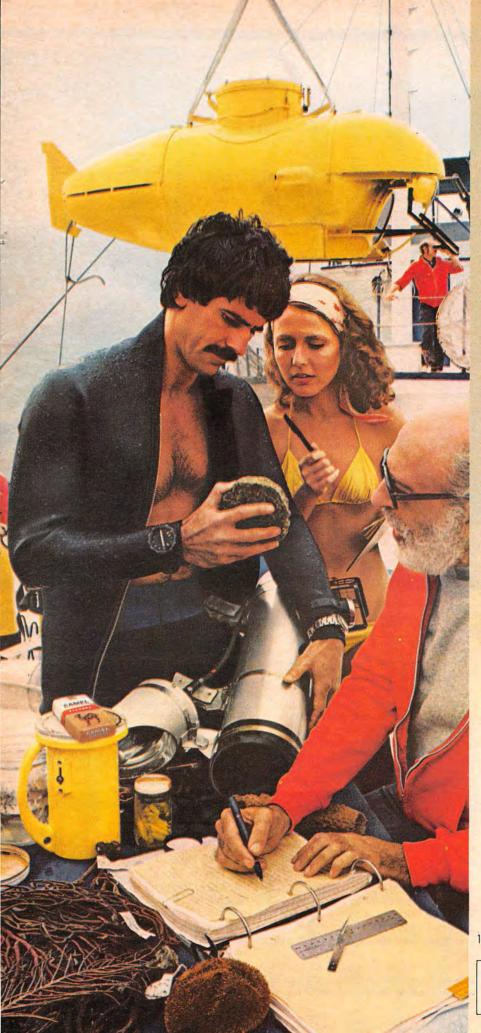
He smokes for pleasure.

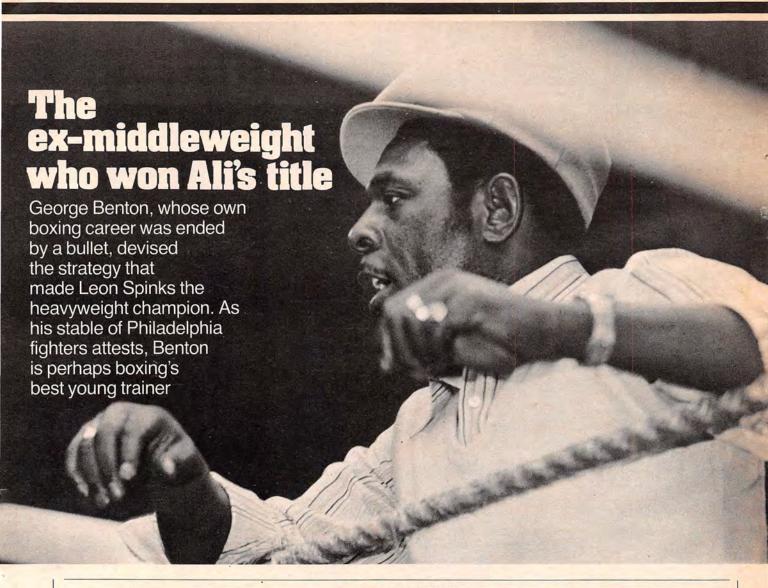
He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.



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#### by PHIL BERGER

he fight was over. Muhammad Ali had lost the heavyweight championship. And no sooner did his conqueror, 24-year-old Leon Spinks, jubilantly raise his arms toward the roof of the Las Vegas Hilton Pavilion than viewers everywhere began speculating about the surprising outcome. Theories ranged from the reasonable (that age finally had caught up with Ali) to the absurd (that the fight had been fixed).

But the insider's view was voiced by an Ali aide named Gene Kilroy. As he watched the new champion move past a crowd of well-wishers to his dressing quarters, Kilroy pointed to a trim, athletic-looking man in Spinks' group and said, "There's the guy who beat us."

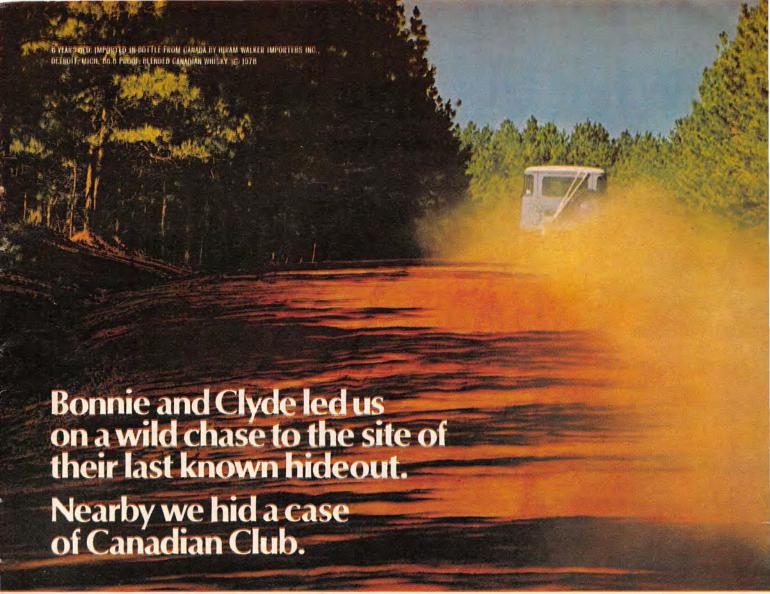
The guy was George Benton, a 45-year-old trainer and ex-middleweight contender from Philadelphia. Benton had been summoned to Las Vegas eight days before the Ali fight by Butch Lewis, a vice-president of Top Rank, Inc., the promoter of Spinks' bouts.

Lewis knew that Benton had revived the careers of veteran middleweights Bennie Briscoe and Willie (The Worm) Monroe, and that his tutoring had aided a number of promising young boxers. Benton had been working as a trainer for ex-champion Joe Frazier's stable of fighters since 1974, following his lengthy recovery from a bullet wound that had ended his 21-year-old fighting career in 1970. Lewis ranked Benton at the top of his profession alongside veteran trainers Ray Arcel and Angelo Dundee. "George," said Lewis, "is like a specialist, a man who can give a fighter fine tuning. Like, you can have a mechanic in a service station—but George would be the one you'd take your car to if you planned to put it on the track.' Spinks desperately needed Benton's expertise, Lewis felt. "I got to have you out here," he told Benton over the phone.

Benton had been called in for Spinks' previous bout against Italy's Alfio Righetti and asked to refine Leon's rough-

house style. In camp for the Righetti fight, though, George had felt "un-friendly vibrations" from Spinks trainer, a white-haired, rotund gentleman named Sam Solomon, who appeared to take Benton's presence as an affront to his own professionalism. It made Benton reluctant to get involved with Spinks again: "If you know a guy ain't comfortable with you being around," Benton said, "it makes you feel uncomfortable too." What overcame Benton's reluctance about returning to Las Vegas and Spinks again was not Butch Lewis' persuasiveness so much as Philadelphia's wintry climate. As Benton recalled: "It was snowing back here. I looked out the window and saw all that snow and figured, 'What the hell. This is as good a chance as any to get away.' So I told Butch Lewis, 'Okay, I'll come.' "On such quirks is fight history made.

For boxing observers who had seen Spinks muddle his way to a draw against journeyman Scott LeDoux last October



It had been 44 years since Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow sped through this northern Louisiana wilderness on their last run from the law. Tracking their legend even now is a wild and wooly chase over lonesome red clay roads which run deep in tangled pine forests.

#### We met folks who'd seen them.

Finally our search led to where an old squatter's cabin had once stood. Bonnie and Clyde were known to have holed up here in their last days, and local folks told us they'd seen the two lurking hereabout back in '34. So having found the long-lost hideout, we trekked into the brush and

buried a case of Canadian Club.



Bonnie and Clyde.

## Start at "the end of the trail."

To find that C.C., start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law – and head in the opposite direction, all the way to



the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

## Look for a warning. Two hard left turns

and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

We hope you brought ice and glasses, for within that triangle, just one foot down, lie 12 bottles of the world's finest tasting whisky. But if the rigors of the hunt seem too great, you can find the same great taste at your favorite tavern or package store by simply saying, "C.C., please."





"The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

# What to serve to Athlete's Foot."

by Wendy Turnbull



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## Benton

and then eke out a narrow victory over Righetti in November, the Ali fight was a revelation. Leon Spinks suddenly had a touch of class. Where previously he'd fought with a disdain for the subtleties of boxing and relied on a furious expenditure of punches, against Ali he combined aggressiveness with scientific boxing. He bobbed and feinted and no longer was an easy target for punches.

'I told him,'' said Benton, "your main objective is not to get hit. You've got to make Ali miss. You can't let this guy hit you back. When he starts them flurries, get down, get down and make him miss, make them punches go by you. You can't get hit. Don't let him land on you. Because if you hit him three punches and he hits you one, he's winning with the officials.'

That was only part of Benton's plan. The rest focused on neutralizing Ali's assets—the stinging jab and uncanny footwork for a 36-year-old heavyweight. Benton wanted Spinks to destroy the jab by punching Ali on the deltoid muscle of his left shoulder. To take away Ali's legs and stamina late in the fight, Benton wanted Spinks to pound the champion's kidneys and hip bones.

It was a lovely plan. Benton's only problem was in passing the word to Spinks. In preparing for Righetti, Benton had had access to Spinks-instructing the fighter five to ten minutes every day in the ring. For the Ali fight, Benton says Sam Solomon did not allow him any time to work with Leon.

"So I got Butch Lewis' half-brother [assistant trainer] Nelson Brison, Benton said. "I said to him, 'Listen, it's apparent I ain't gonna be able to get through to this guy as often as I want. Now here's what I want you to do. . . So I taught Nelson every damn thing that I wanted to teach the fighter. I'd get Nelson in the room and say, 'On the road in the morning, here's what you tell the kid. Here's what you show him.' And in the evening, when he came back, I'd ask him, 'Well, what'd you do?' He'd say, 'George, he's doing it to death. Perfect. He's got it down.

"And what I was showing Nelson was how to hit Ali in the shoulder. How to turn away from Ali's right hand or how to catch his right hand with the glove. Did you notice Spinks was catching the hell out of Ali's right in this fight? He wasn't getting hit with the right hand. He'd pull his head back, drop low and come back at him with the left. . . . The few times I'd see Leon alone, I never talked loud to him. Always talked soft to him. You can take a person who's excitable and talk him down by your tone of voice. I'd tell him, 'You're going to be champ. All you got to do is do the right things. Small things. Goddammit, you'll be riding around in a Rolls-Royce. I can see you with the pretty clothes on.' And right behind that, I'd say something that would pertain to boxing.'

From the opening bell on February 15, it appeared that Spinks had learned his lessons. Moments into the first round, Ali circled and Spinks came after him, mimicking Muhammad's footwork step-for-step. This was how Benton had told Spinks to cut off the ring against Righetti, but Spinks didn't care about scientific boxing then. But with the title at stake against Ali, Leon cut off the ring and carefully carried out Benton's other plans. Well before the end of the fight, it was obvious that Benton's message had gotten through to Spinks, and then to the Ali camp (which recognized Benton's work), and finally to the ringside press (whose postfight analyses credited Benton with a key role in dethroning Ali).

The sudden celebrity was the last thing Benton had anticipated in May, 1970 when he lay wounded in Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia, his boxing career over and his future looking bleak. Benton had been shot by a local character known as "Chinaman." who had struck Benton's sister Nettie in a bar and later been beaten in retaliation by Benton's brother Henry.

Looking to get even, Chinaman had returned with a .38 caliber pistol and fired at the first Benton to happen by. who turned out to be innocent-victim George. A few weeks after, an unknown gunman killed Chinaman. Benton took no satisfaction. He was in intense pain and facing several operations.

His recovery was slow and agonizing for a man used to expressing himself physically. It affected body and soul, and led George to have a strange, nearly mystical experience. "I'm going to tell you something I've never fold to any-body else," he said. "I'm lying in bed one night in the hospital, and I heard a voice. It said, 'George, you've been a lucky man all your life. You were a good fighter. You were a good hustler. You never had it too bad as a young man. You could really take care of yourself. You've been in the limelight all your life. Now I'm going to take all this away from you. Like that!'

Benton, who is given to saying "God works in mysterious ways," understood the voice to be challenging him to make a new life, a prospect that scared him: "I was afraid I just couldn't make no living once I got myself well.'

Friends of George set him up in a small numbers operation briefly while he recuperated. It was not until 1974 that Benton found his true calling. That was when Joe Frazier, preparing for a

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## Benton

bout with Jerry Quarry, called Benton and asked him to come by the gym while Smokin' Joe's trainer, Eddie Futch, was busy elsewhere.

"Joe knew I was hurting," Benton said. "And he knew I must have needed a little money. Instead of saying, 'George, put this in your pocket,' he was calling me to come into the gym, pal around with him, talk to him and maybe show him a few things. But after he saw that he was really getting a headful from me, he wanted me to stay on. I told him, 'Joe, I don't want to interfere. Eddie's your trainer.' When Eddie came back, though, Joe said to him: 'Eddie, do you mind if George works with us?' Eddie was glad to have me. We never had a moment's problem."

That Benton had a keen boxing knowledge to impart was no surprise. As a draftee in the Korean War, George took a nondescript Army boxing team and made it a champion. Earlier, as the subteenage protégé of a Philadelphia trainer named Joe Rose, George had tended pros. "Joe Rose," said Benton, "used to leave me with his fighters when he'd go out on the road. And I'm a kid—only about 11, 12 years old—but the fighters listened to me like I was the trainer. You, a stranger, not from Phila-

delphia, you'd say, 'How the hell did he leave a little kid there like that?' "

Ask Joe Rose that question, and he says: "George did the job. Are you kidding? I wouldn't have left him there if he couldn't. When I'd come back from the road, my fighters would be ready."

So too was Spinks ready against Ali, but the press' emphasis on Benton's work slighted Sam Solomon. The veteran trainer had been with Spinks since his first professional fight in January, 1977, and Solomon had gained earlier prominence for guiding heavyweight Ernie Terrell. While Benton was not responsible for news coverage of the fight, he apparently was seen by Solomon as having undercut the recognition due Sam. The morning after the fight in Vegas, Benton chatted with newsmen while he awaited the start of a Spinks press conference. Solomon rushed in wearing pajamas and announced, "There will be no statements until Leon arrives," then directed a frosty glance at Benton. Feeling demeaned, Benton resigned from the Spinks camp and did so with no regrets, telling people he had plenty of work to do back in Philadelphia.

Every day Benton, the divorced father of four sons whom he sees regularly, drives from the modest frame house in which he lives to Joe Frazier's Gymnasium in North Philadelphia. Amid the sounds of rope skipping, the rhythmic snorts of fighters shadow-boxing or sparring in the elevated ring and the steady tattoo on speed bags, George Benton was working. He was throwing open-handed blows at a young white hopeful named Dieter Eisenhauer. The middleweight was rolling his body and head to elude the snapping blows, employing the defensive tactics and counterpunches that Benton had been teaching Eisenhauer ever since the youngster turned up at the gym several months ago.

When Benton pawed at Eisenhauer's right shoulder, Dieter, as instructed, dipped low and fired a left hook that caused Benton to say, "No, no! Too slow. When you catch this"—he aimed another blow at the prospect's right shoulder—"it's like a button triggering the other hand to go. Try it again."

Eisenhauer's moves lacked the instinctive reflex—React, don't think is Benton's motto—that George wanted. "You're late. Too late," he said, in his calm, croaking basso.

"I can't," said Eisenhauer, "get the—"

"You can," Benton interrupted. "I don't give a damn for 'can't."

The fighter set himself in a boxing pose to try again. For a novice like Dieter Eisenhauer, the repeated reaction to

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## Benton

shadow punches was what playing scales are to the beginner pianist. "Going to school," Benton calls it.

Benton himself began his boxing schooling at age ten, learning the craft from trainer Joe Rose. In Philadelphia's Diamond's A.C., Rose would strike at George with rolled-up fight posters and show him how to avoid being hit. Some afternoons, Rose brought in neighborhood youngsters to spar with George, demanding a quarter from his protégé for every blow landed on him. "Collected damn few quarters," Rose recalled years later.

The training made Benton as clever a fighter as the Philadelphia crowd had seen in years. In 1952, at age 19, he upset highly regarded middleweight Holly Mims at The Met, a fight arena a few blocks from George's North Philadelphia home. "I remember," Benton said, "our names were on the marquee overhanging the street. BENTON VS. MIMS. Every five minutes, I'd run around the corner to look at it. I was thrilled."

In subsequent years, the thrill sometimes wore thin. Benton became a fighter who was too clever for his own good. Big-name professionals avoided him, and George's progress was stifled. Part of the reason, critics said, was that Benton was too cautious in big fightsnot willing to risk enough. But even when he did record major victories, he could not seem to win a chance at the title. A typical Benton year was 1962. He knocked out Joe Louis Adair, Eddie Thompson and Rudolph Bent, and then beat Sam Solomon's fine middleweight, Jessie Smith, on a decision. The victory streak earned Benton a fight with Joey Giardello, whom he decisioned. That win was supposed to earn George a middleweight title fight with the champion, Dick Tiger. Instead Tiger fought-and lost the championship to-Giardello, who then figured that discretion was the better part of valor. "Why should I fight George Benton?" the new champion told Philadelphia boxing writer Gene Courtney. "I can't beat the guy."

Though he never did get a chance at the middleweight title, Benton remained a hero in Philadelphia. The local press used catchy phrases like "the Rembrandt of the ring" to describe the clever, stylish Benton. One man who was impressed by George's boxing skills was former major-league baseball umpire Shag Crawford. Years later, when Crawford's grandson Dieter Eisenhauer decided to become a boxer, Crawford recommended that he go see

Benton, who teaches "react, don't think," drills his Golden Gloves champ, Charles Singleton, in counterpunching. George Benton.

Under Benton, Eisenhauer said, he was acquiring a grasp of what boxing involved. "It's the body movements—the feints, the bobbing and weaving—that George teaches. Body movement is like your heartbeat. If your heartbeat is good, your body is going to be good."

As Eisenhauer worked on body movements on his own, Benton sat on a padded table across the room and drew on one of the Pall Malls that he would chain-smoke that day. He wore a camelcolored cap, blue denims, a green cardigan sweater and green turtleneck shirt. He was sitting to rest his back, which still contained the bullet from his shooting. Watching Eisenhauer intently, Benton turned to an onlooker, smiled and said, "Just a few months the kid's been at it. Can you believe the form he's got?" The trainer's enthusiasm was that of an aficionado. Making fighters function was not just a job to George Benton. It was his pleasure.

"He's concerned," Eisenhauer said later. "He'll keep showing you a move until you get it right. He breaks things down. Shows you how things are related. He really knows his stuff. I mean, if he told me to stand on my head, I'd do it."

In a sport filled with hype artists and colorful frauds, Benton speaks softly and to the point when he addresses a fighter. At times he instructs with humor, as Eisenhauer related: "When I first came around, I had trouble loosening up, doing the exercises that would make me flexible. George used to joke, 'We gotta get the white out of you. Keep stretchin', kid.' "

By late afternoon, Eisenhauer was tooling back to his home in Hatboro, Pa., 35 miles from Philadelphia. Frazier's Gym was filling with fighters, and Benton pulled a pack of Pall Malls from his calf-high sock and lit up a smoke as he watched Joe Frazier's son Marvis bang away at the heavy bag.

Marvis, a 6-foot-2 heavyweight, more classically proportioned than his father, wore green cutoff trunks and a blue T-shirt that read "The KO Kid." "Load up on the one you see," Benton told the powerful 17-year-old. "You're loading up on everything." Marvis nodded and





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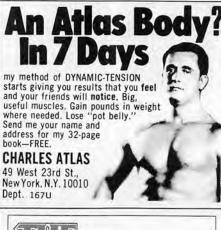
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**ANSWERS** from page 10

1—c. 2—c. 3—b. 4—a-3, b-1, c-2. 5—b. 6—b. 7—Dr. Benjamin Spock. 8—a., 44 in 1968. 9—a-3, b-1, c-4, d-4. 10—c. 11—Pittsburgh (Bibby, Candelaria, Blyleven) and San Francisco (Halicki, Blue, Montefusco). 12—a. 13—b. 14—c., 1947. 15—b. 16—c., 1915 Series. 17—a., 1946. 18—Toby Harrah of Texas. 19—b., Holtzman also has 4. 20—c.

#### PHOTO CREDIT

Ruffin Beckwith-64 (4). Dave Drennan-2 (bottom). Kevin Fitzgerald-2 (middle), 14-15 Anthony Gawrys-17. Steven Goldstein-42 Nancy Hogue – 10 (middle), 49. Fred Kaplan – 14 (left), 15 (right). Rich Pilling – 2 (top), 10 (left), 39. Carl Skalak Jr./Opticom-37 Mike Valeri-10 (right). Wide World-9, 67



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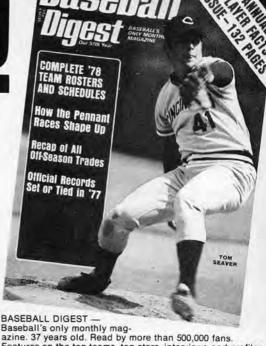
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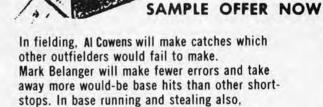
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## Benton

became more selective with his thunderous blows.

Marvis Frazier had worked under Benton for several years. "At the time I got involved with Joe," said Benton, "Marvis started coming into the gym. And Joe told me to go ahead, start working with him."

Marvis apparently had learned his lessons from Benton. This past year, he won the Pennsylvania Golden Gloves heavyweight title. Benton withheld him, though, from national Golden Gloves competition, saying: "The kid's not even 18 yet. He'd be facing fighters with men's bodies, men's strength. I don't want to mess with his confidence. Marvis has the potential to be a great one. The only damn thing that's holding him back is his age. We're shooting for the 1980 Olympics. After that, his father will decide what he wants."

Two of Benton's other young prospects are lightweights Charles Singleton, who won the National Golden Gloves title in March, and Greg Winston, who finished second in the Pennsylvania State Golden Gloves and won his first pro bout in April.

As the clock in Frazier's inched toward 6, Benton grew busier, here telling a fighter who wanted a bout ("I'm broke as a mutha, George") that he was not ready for it, there reproaching Willie (The Worm) Monroe for being diverted from the heavy bag by kibitzers ("Come on, Willie-get with it"). As he roamed the gym, correcting other fighters' moves, George still looked fit at 5-10 and 168 pounds. When he demonstrated a move, anyone could recognize the pro's fine edge. For all that Benton did not take himself too seriously. At one point, he kidded another trainer: "Hey, Rabbi, when you gonna start that dogmeat boxing?" In Frazier's Gym, even good fighters are needlingly called 'dogmeat.'

By 6:30, Benton was looking toward the front door, anticipating the arrival of Ernie Gladney, a junior welterweight of his. Gladney, with three wins and two losses as a professional, was fighting his first six-rounder that night at the Spectrum. There was a story behind the match.

About two years ago, a female probation officer brought Gladney to Frazier's and asked Benton to work with him. At the time, Gladney was awkward, hardly able, by Benton's account, to skip a rope or hit a speed bag. But he had good reflexes, quick jerky movements that in time made him a tricky boxer. Gladney fought briefly as an amateur, then turned pro. He lost his first two fights ("He run out of gas the first one," Benton said, "and got a bum decision the second"), then won his

next three. The most recent was over Victor Pappas, a young pro from Upper Darby, Pa., who had been undefeated in four bouts, all of which he'd won by knockout.

Gladney, whose fights had all been four-rounders, then advised Benton that he was ready for six-rounders. "Got nasty about it, too," said Benton. "So I told him: 'Listen, you're not going to fight six rounds. You're gonna stay in four. And if you don't like it, we'll sit you down and you'll never fight.' Afterward, though, I thought about it and wondered where he got his six-round notions. Then it hit me. Someone was in his ear. 'Cause I happened to notice that this guy was around him all the time, telling him how great he was. Next day, I saw Gladney. I went up to him, said, You rotten sonofabitch. Hev. I done spent all this time with you, taught you how to fight. Now you giving me this boolshit.' I told him, 'Okay, you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to put you in six.' So I got him a six-round fight rematch with the white kid Pappas, who

#### "When Ali starts them flurries, get down, get down and make him miss you"

Ernie barely beat in four rounds.

"After that, Willie the Worm jumped on Ernie, and Bennie Briscoe jumped on him, cussed him out and told him how stupid he was. Now he come to me and says, 'George, you right. I'm sorry.' But I told him, 'You're still fighting the six-rounder.'"

At 6:31, Ernie Gladney entered the gym, wearing a fatigue jacket and denims rolled at the cuffs. With his sadeyed, bemused expression, he resembled ex-heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson. Benton's eyes gleamed when he saw his fighter. "You been crying for six rounds, right?" he teased. Gladney made no response.

Minutes later, behind the wheel of his recently repaired 1969 Oldsmobile, Benton puffed on a cigarette and told Gladney: "Okay, okay. You know how this guy fights. He'll be comin' at you, right? Swarming. You know what I want you to do. From the first round, hands up high. Don't go to the guy. He's coming at you. So just move in a circle, left or right, understand? Sticking and stabbing. Keep sticking and stabbing. Keep sticking and stabbing. Inside, tie him up. He'll be fresh early. He might want to wrassle—don't you do the wrassling. Let him sling you—tire himself out. You just keep nailing him as

he's coming in. Bap, bap. Then get the hell out. You can stick 'n' stab him all night." In the back seat, Gladney listened in silence.

Gladney's fight opened that night's Spectrum fight card. In contrast to Gladney's lean sinewy figure, Pappas had the compact build that fit the brawler's image Benton had conjured. And from the start, Pappas lowered his head and rushed Gladney, swinging looping blows as he came.

Gladney knew his job, though. Repeatedly, he stepped away, planted his feet and whacked Pappas short crisp blows—bap, bap—as Benton had prescribed. Circling clockwise, Gladney deftly employed his left hook to halt Pappas' charges.

Pappas tried to adjust in the second round, charging in a crouch. Gladney kept slipping the punches and driving short blows into Pappas' face, causing Benton at ringside to nod and smile.

In round three, Pappas' wild swings began landing, a sign that Ernie was tiring. After four rounds, Gladney was ahead in the fight, but the snap had gone out of his punches.

Down the stretch, Gladney was too weary to exploit Pappas' mistakes. Though Gladney still eluded punches with savvy moves, he lacked the strength to discourage Pappas with counterpunches. Over the last two rounds, Gladney mostly feinted, bobbed and clinched. When he couldn't, Pappas popped him. Gladney lost a split decision.

In the dressing room afterward, as Gladney stared at his shoetops, a corner man snapped: "Ducking and hiding, Goddammit. You could have beat that chump." Exhausted and pained by his night's work, Gladney licked his lips but did not speak. He seemed embarrassed.

Then George Benton came in. "Hey, Ernie," he said. "I guess I know what I'm talking about, right?"

"Yeah," Gladney whispered.

"You understand I was trying to take care of you, huh?"

Gladney nodded.

"Ready to listen to me from now

"Mmm."

"I ain't going to have anymore hanky-panky from you. I know a fourround fighter from a six-round fighter. Those last two rounds you gave him. You gave the fight away."

Gladney raised his head and studied Benton. His expression did not argue the trainer's point. Benton paced a few steps, then turned to Gladney and said, "You going to be all right. Now that you got your head on straight." Later, George Benton gave Gladney the trainer's share of the night's wages.

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